JOHN BULL, week ending Nov. 7, 1942

JOHN BULL

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3D EVERY THURSDAY

IT'S JUST BEGINNING By The EDITOR

GUINEAS FOR READERS' LETTERS

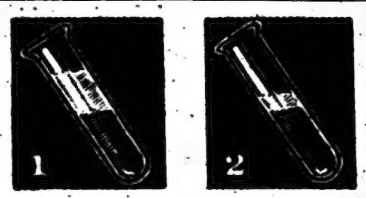
OVER THE TOP! by A.G.G.

As good as a double ration of SOAP FLAKES or POWDER

Twice as much washing when you add MAZO

SOAP ENERGIZING TABLETS

Think what this means! With Mazo your soap ration goes twice as far and your work is easier. Simply crumble Mazo tablets into the water before the soap is added. You'll be amazed at the masses of richly energized suds you get. Suds which save work because of their extra cleansing power. Suds that care gently for even the most delicate garment. Get Mazo today—it's so safe, so wonderfully efficient.



Here is positive proof that Mazo doubles the lather and cleansing energy of soap. Compare the test-tubes containing the same amount of soap, and see how Mazo in test-tube No. 1 increases the quantity of lather.

add MAZO to get extra cleansing energy from soap

MZ 88-841

SELLING AGENTS: T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., STRATFORD, E.15

Here's a food that's STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE THE 5-STAR COCOA

THE 5 STARS—

- ★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
- ★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
- ★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
- ★ AID TO DIGESTION
- ★ VITAMIN B—VITAL TO HEALTH

5D PER QTR. LB.

CUT THEM INTO SLICES

and make the most of these two big-value chocolate coated candy bars

They are big not only in size but in delicious goodness, made from the very finest materials obtainable to-day (including separated milk and rich-with-energy glucose).

MARS BAR $2\frac{1}{2}$D	STARRY WAY $1\frac{1}{2}$D

Buses may come and Buses may go...

but they're often full up.

Tired of waiting you decide to walk. Keep your shoes fit for this extra "War-time" walking by using

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

It preserves the leather and makes shoes comfortable and waterproof.

Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4

CB/XQ

Your Complexion and Soap Rationing

IT isn't easy these days to keep your complexion as lovely as you'd like it to be. Yet no girl wants the end of the war to find her skin coarsened and dull-looking.

Well, it needn't! This new 2-minute face treatment will give your complexion the care it needs — at the same time spinning out your soap ration. Begin to-night and make a point of using the treatment regularly.

Steam the face

First, instead of rubbing your flannel on the soap tablet, simply wring it out in hot water and hold it against your face for a few seconds to open the pores. Moisten the hands and rub the Lux Toilet Soap tablet between them a few times. Then gently massage the face, moving the hands upwards in small circles. Work from chin to forehead and take special care around the nose and mouth. Rinse with lukewarm water. Finally splash vigorously with cold water to close the pores.

Massage

You couldn't follow a better routine for keeping your skin clear and smooth.

And you can see for yourself that the treatment uses very little soap. By using the hands instead of the flannel, you save *a quarter of the soap you normally use!* And, of course, Lux Toilet Soap lather is "*active*." A very little of it can remove the dust and dirt that clog the pores, causing skin to coarsen, get dull and old-looking. That is why Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin so lovely. And that is why it is used by 9 out of 10 Hollywood film stars.

Rinses with cold water

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

3½d. tablet (including Purchase Tax) for 1 coupon

TL 1276-9

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

QUICKEST SAFEST RELIEF *from* PAIN

Nerves always repay a little consideration. Constant pain drives them to desperation — and exhaustion. Concentration wearies them. But two tablets of Phensic will soothe the most irritable bundle of nerves and turn you into someone ready to laugh — and carry on! Try Phensic if you are subject to neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, toothache (neuralgia), rheumatic pain, or any kind of nerve strain or pain. 1/4 and 3/3 *including Purchase Tax.*

Phensic

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

TWO TABLETS GIVE MAGIC RELIEF

WOMEN aged 17½–43

5 ft. 2 in. OR OVER, PHYSICALLY FIT, WANTED NOW

to become DRIVERS in the ATS and WAAF

For nearly three years, girls of the ATS and WAAF have been driving throughout the length and breadth of Britain, doing magnificent work, keeping the lines of communication open.

No experience needed—you will be trained.* After your training you will be able to drive almost any type of vehicle and do running repairs. It's a grand, open-air life, and it is vitally important work.

Pay starts at 2/- a day and all found. Wives of Servicemen are granted leave to coincide with their husbands' leave whenever possible.

In addition to driving, there are over 100 other types of work open now in the ATS and WAAF. *Every* woman not doing vital work is asked to join up *to release men for the offensive.* Go to the nearest Recruiting Centre or Employment Exchange. *They* will find out whether you can be spared from your present work.

If you were born between January 1918 and July 1922 you may now be considered for the ATS or WAAF, but go to the Employment Exchange in the first instance.

**Except that if you are under 19 or over 40, you cannot be accepted for the ATS unless you can already drive.*

IF you cannot go to a Recruiting Centre or Employment Exchange at once, send in this coupon.

297 Oxford Street, London, W.1 3006 G.W. 2.

Please send me full information about DRIVING and being trained as a driver in the

☐ *ATS* ☐ *WAAF* ☐ *BOTH* Tick which you want

Mrs. / *Miss* } .....

Cross out "Mrs." or "Miss"

Address .....

County ..... *Date of Birth* ..... *In confidence*

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 7, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

COMB THEM OUT

● **The muddle of "woman-power" has reached its peak.**

Government Departments are seething with women clerks and typists who have too little work to do.

Many of them are young. Obviously, they should be posted to the Services, where they are really needed.

Instead, they are retained as "key workers." It is the older women who are being bundled off to do routine factory work; women with years of clerical experience.

And their places are promptly filled by girls of twenty to twenty-two! Girls who were probably doing useful jobs in industry but have been "directed" into the Civil Service to waste time!

No attempt has been made to enlist part-time married women workers in place of the single girls who are so urgently required in the Forces.

But JOHN BULL predicts that, unless there is a drastic and sensible comb-out in official Departments, indignation will spread among all classes of workers.

Straight from the Shoulder

ALL-OUT WAR

NOT only in Egypt will the enemy be punched and pounded by our gathered forces.

There is no doubt that the Second Front will be opened soon.

We shall say no more than that. There is the greater need for caution because the enemy is plainly trying to gauge our intentions, and would give a king's ransom to know what decisions have been reached in London lately.

Europe's Key

But the key to the future lies not in London or Washington, but in the dusty deserts of North Africa.

This time, whatever the cost, we shall seize it and hold it.

Good Start

Our prospects are good.

Rommel's position is like a monstrous snail. The shell is immensely strong. But the body is exposed; it is long and vulnerable.

A resurgent British army has driven into the shell. A mighty air force has splintered the shell and gashed the creature's neck. The Navy has yet to strike.

Thousand Miles

Length is the creature's weakness. It is a thousand miles from El Alamein to Tripoli.

It is as far from the forward battle zone to Tobruk as from London to Carlisle. As far from Tobruk to Tripoli as from London to John o'Groats.

How often must Rommel anxiously turn his eyes from the battle zone to see what is happening along his terribly long lines of communications!

Strong—and Weak

He must strive to keep open those lines. For he must fight to a finish in the desert.

His shell reaches to Mersa Matruh: land mines by the thousand, barbed wire by the mile, strong points by the hundred. But we are strong where he is weak.

Air Supremacy

We are nearer to supply bases. We can more easily replace damaged tanks.

Better still, our good omens are written, not in the sands, but in the air. Not only have we supremacy in the air, but it increases daily because his losses are consistently higher than ours.

And at last we have complete co-ordination between land and air forces.

Spade Work

Even the spade work for the battle was largely done by air.

Across jungle and desert a hundred Polish pilots brought up supplies from the West African coast.

Thus was the 12,000-mile sea route round the Cape curtailed by an air ferry of the kind so often advocated in these columns.

Looking Ahead

Let these examples be heeded when planning other offensives!

Detailed planning, perfect co-ordination, air superiority—these will assure success before the battle begins.

Eastward Ho!

The Japanese expect us to give battle in Burma. General Wavell is willing to begin it. Admiral Somerville has amassed a mighty fleet. But both will need an enormous "umbrella" of land-based aircraft.

And how can we build up air supremacy there so long as the airfields are open to Japanese attack?

Too many American 'planes have been smashed on the ground by Jap bombers. Crete made it painfully plain how easily undefended 'dromes can lead to defeat.

Up to Us

At all costs we must make sure of victory in Burma.

The key to the crushing of Japan is China. The key to China is the Burma Road. And the Chinese are naturally impatient for us to re-open it; too long have they struggled alone to weaken the common foe.

Other Fronts

There are other fronts where action is not only possible but advisable. Advisable, that is to say, if air superiority is assured.

Assured it should be. Our aircraft production is immense; let no one dare impede it by transferring its skilled workers to the Forces!

There must be co-ordination at home as well as on the battlefield.

Land Wasted

Its need can be seen all along the home front.

Iron ore is being extensively mined on land where rich crops used to flourish. The soil is not restored when the quarrying is finished.

No, the land is left covered with great mounds made by the excavators; weeds and rabbits run wild and the nation's larder is all the poorer.

That has always been the practice, certainly. Industry has been allowed to ruin the land with impunity.

But surely war makes it all the more imperative for industry and agriculture to co-operate?

Not Yet United

Still, grievously, is there a lack of co-ordination between the United Nations.

They are united in hatred of aggression. They are united in determination to triumph in this foullest of wars. But how much greater would be their power, how swifter their victory, if they were united in counsel and action!

War and Peace

Such co-operation there must be to draw up both a grand strategy of war and a grand pattern of the peace to follow.

Paradoxically, the two are related. The seeds of peace are being sown now in the way we conduct the war. The structure of a worth-while peace must be erected before the war ends.

If there be no agreement now, there will be chaos when hostilities cease.

Wise Words

"To get rid of Hitler and his Nazis will be no more a cure for the world's ills than scraping will heal measles," H. G. Wells once wrote.

Lately, Mr. Wendell Willkie has said much the same thing. And they are right.

Unless we cure the world's ills of unemployment, want and racial jealousies, they will continue to erupt into the epidemic of war.

New Idea

So, as Willkie has said, "we must fight a way through not alone to the destruction of our enemies but to the new world ideas."

Our leaders subscribe to that idea. But they have yet to produce plans by which it can be put into effect.

Lord Croft

There are some, indeed, who imagine that somehow the British Empire can be excluded from the new world idea.

Thus, one of our Ministers objects even to the mild proposals of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Lord Croft does not see, as the Archbishop and Wendell Willkie and most intelligent people can perceive, that men and women throughout the world are on the march, "physically, intellectually and spiritually."

Short-Sight!

He does not realise that they will not be content to revive—if it could be revived—the bad old order of things.

It may be that so crusted a Tory as Lord Croft will not have much influence in the reshaping of the world. But it is unfortunate that British Ministers should give the impression that we in Britain are anxious to restore the conditions of 1938.

Heavy Price

Five million Chinese and Russians have been killed.

For what? So that Britain and the U.S.A. can conduct the war according to British and American plans?

Full Share

Myriads of Chinese and Russians, multitudes of the conquered peoples in Europe, hundreds of millions of Indians, will survive the war.

Will they not be entitled to a full share of the benefits of peace and progress?

Freedom

Would not the Burmese aid us to the full when we take the offensive if they were guaranteed—*now*—the rights of self government to which they are entitled?

Would not our war effort gain if we secured the full support of the Indian people?

This is the Time

The time to consult our allies is now. The time to reach agreement is now. And the time to *plan* has come.

WE MUST WIN THE CONFIDENCE OF ALL THE FREEDOM-LOVING PEOPLES OF THE EARTH TO WIN BOTH THE WAR AND THE PEACE.

(Continued overleaf)

"WARNING SHOULD BE GIVEN . . TO BE IN A STATE OF READINESS FOR HEAVY RAIDS."
—THE MINISTER OF HOME SECURITY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.—an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

So the children have been let down again.

We, like most people, imagined that the new price control announced by the Board of Trade would ensure that the toys available would be cheaper this Christmas.

Prices specified in the official announcement were 5s. and 6s. 8d.

Misleading

Naturally, they fixed themselves in the public mind, and people are only just realising that they are the maximum prices which the manufacturer and wholesaler are permitted to charge.

Toys and indoor games, with few exceptions, will still cost you 13s. 5d. to buy.

And should you be inclined to call the shopkeeper a profiteer—don't!

The Ladder

Here's how the price grows!

Profits in all stages from manufacturer to wholesaler, 33⅓ per cent.; from wholesaler to retailer 50 per cent. Purchase tax, 33⅓ per cent.

Do you call that a reasonable effort to give children a little seasonal happiness?

We don't.

No Tax

So the Black Market steps in, as it always does at times of acute shortage.

Crude, attic-made 2d. toys, on which no tax is paid, reach the shopkeeper at 3s.

Something like the clothing utility plan would have made all this impossible.

But we didn't think enough of the children.

Confections—Not Sweets

Do you think the sweet-rationing scheme has been designed for the children?

Again we say: We don't.

Most of the sweets on sale are suited to the tastes (and pockets) of people who have left schooldays behind.

Where are the liquorice sticks, sherbet dabs, lucky horseshoes, sweet mottoes and other things that made a penny mean something?

We Search

Many women used to use 10, 15, 20-watt electric bulbs for halls, passages, lavatories.

So we toured chain stores expecting to find plenty marked 5-watt—this being war time.

One only of seven stores visited had anything under 40-watts. That doesn't make for fuel economy!

Grand Job—But . . .

N.A.A.F.I. does a grand job. We've always said so, though we have had to criticise some of their ways of doing it.

And the new balance-sheet (turnover £72,000,000—surplus £1,585,000) emphasises our main grouse—and that of the men and women in the Forces.

More Details Needed

The controllers constantly stress that the whole business *belongs* to the Services (from general to private). Nominally, no doubt; but in practice, no.

N.A.A.F.I.'s millions of owners—and customers—are entitled to far more information than is given in the balance-sheet, if it is their concern.

They could then judge whether the prices of some things need be as high as they are.

Lost Careers

All over Britain scholarship boys and girls are being withdrawn from secondary schools in tragically big numbers.

All because "dad" earns a few more shillings.

He can't make our lofty brained educationists see that his capacity to pay may have gone down.

So, faced with increased contributions towards school fees, and often a demand for the whole amount, he has to rob his child of the educational advantages he or she has won by work and merit.

Let Us Suffer First!

War or no war, we must allow children to enjoy their one childhood.

They must be the last to feel the effects of inevitable shortages.

And they must have their opportunities.

Only Temporary

We address that last demand to certain banks.

Many boys and girls who have dreamed of a bank career for years, who have sweated and slaved to pass the necessary examinations, who would have been certain of a banking career had there been no war, are being engaged with the words:—

"But you are only temporary. Should you be called up, we won't make your money up as we do with the others. And, remember, we have no after-the-war obligations to you."

Trap

From children to childishness . . .

Military police are working "saluting traps" in a certain city.

A Red Cap will pounce from a doorway on a soldier who, seeing only the back of an officer standing in a queue or looking up at a building, omits to salute.

The soldier loses a day's pay—and the army some hard-won prestige.

Questions They Ask

More childishness . . .

A married woman seeking a very lowly job in a Food Office had to fill up a form asking 79 questions dealing with colour of eyes, peculiarities, whether free from financial embarrassment, date of marriage, date of husband's birth and much more.

The husband, who has a high Government post in which he has access to the most confidential of information, wasn't asked a quarter as much!

Carrying On

We took our hat off to Malta all over again when we read an advertisement in a London newspaper.

It sought teachers for Maltese schools —"passage paid."

Not that anybody had ratted. Her schools always recruit staff here.

Hitler can do his damnedest against that courageous island—but he is not going to disturb lessons.

Wasn't Missed

We wish we could see the all-outness of Malta everywhere in this country.

In a certain arsenal, for instance, where the six months' absence of a key worker wasn't noticed until a police-court case was brought against him.

And among certain local authorities which, asked what timber they can supply for the war effort, have replied: "None. We must consider the looks of our parks."

Why Sailors Swear

And at a particular port where, incoming cargoes having been unloaded, crates, oddments and big quantities of damaged goods have been swept into the sea.

Such wicked waste goes on at many ports.

Suggestions Wanted

Yet need for economy is sterner than ever.

The Minister of Production has appointed a Paper Economy Committee of experts to effect reductions in its use.

You—every user of paper, large or small—are asked to help.

The committee will welcome helpful communications at its headquarters at 3, Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W., *on the more economical use of paper—not the collection of waste.*

Grade Key Workers!

As for the more economical use of man-power, controversy continues. It is bound to do so—and our war effort is bound to be impeded—until the Government makes up its mind about which jobs are the most important.

Industries and their key-workers *must* be graded in order of priority if the nation's power is to be used to its full.

Which Comes First?

Is it more important for a skilled farm worker to put in extra time on the land or to attend Home Guard drills? Is a young technical expert more useful in an aircraft factory or in the Army?

Such questions can't be dodged any longer. With our growing shortage of man-power, they must be faced quickly. And they just can't be answered unless priorities are carefully and impartially graded.

Playing Trains

Then a railway guard with a keen eye for war-time inefficiency tells us a story.

His trains take agricultural machinery from factories in the North to farmlands in the West Country.

And agricultural implements designed to do the same work from factories in the West Country to farmlands in the North.

Gone—and Forgotten

We read that school-children are to help with the Christmas mails.

Thousands of retired post office workers living on incredibly meagre pensions, if they get pensions at all, who are quite active, and to whom a few shillings would be a godsend, will hear that news with bitterness.

Any Income-Tax Worries?

Workers who are assessed half-yearly will now be receiving Income Tax Return Forms, in which to declare their income for the half-year ended October 5, 1942.

Only by completing these forms and returning them to the Inspector of Taxes can the proper reliefs be obtained for wife, children and other dependants.

Readers who are experiencing any difficulty or are in doubt as to the allowances that may be claimed can obtain free advice from our Income Tax Expert.

Full particulars of income and dependants should be given.

Behind the News

● **Watch for hitherto unexpected reactions in Italy of R.A.F. raids combined with intensive U.S.A. broadcasts by well-known Italians there and Eighth Army attacks. Nazi High Command is rushing "big shots" over to Rome.**

● *Nazi propaganda machine ordered to play down all mention of U.S.A.'s part in all fighting—men and machines.*

● Comb-out of labour for German army so drastic that three in every seven workers in vital war work are now aliens, and Gestapo complain that slacking is now beyond them, despite "terror" supervision.

● **U.S.A. experts are emphatic that Jap output of 12,000 'planes a year is now at absolute peak—less than 30 per cent. of U.S.A. present production.**

● *Deaths in Axis armies in first six months of 1942 from illness and disease, not including killed in action, is admitted by Medical Services to be 80,000 above estimates.*

● Laval has not only been forced to hand over to German State Railways several thousand locomotives, wagons and steel rails, but more than 1,000 of the best barges on the French canals.

● **Failing to break Polish opposition, Hitler has ordered transfer to Germany of 500,000 Poles as branded slaves, and offers extra privileges, free land and machinery, to Germans unable to fight to settle in Poland.**

● *To maintain morale in Austria, Hungary and other satellite States, Nazi propaganda agents are presenting elaborately printed "title deeds" of property in the Ukraine and Caucasus to all families whose members are fighting or working directly for Germany.*

● Italians are asking where are Count Grandi (former ambassador in London) and other "foundation" members of the Fascist Party.

● **New synthetic rubber process invented by Allied scientists has begun to yield great results. Called Butyl, cheaper and quicker to make than the standard Buna.**

● *Nazis are trying hard to hide (and counter) first major anti-German movement in Rumania. Peasants throughout south-west districts joined Bessarabians and refused to hand over grain harvests, though several hundred were arrested and machine-gunned to death.*

● New tension behind Tokio and Berlin scene has been caused by Hitler's personal Far East representative, Fritz Weidemann, receiving flat snub when he protested against internment of Dutch Nazis in East Indies. Japs say they recognise no interference by Germany.

IT'S JUST BEGINNING

NOW that the long lull has ended and the United Nations have passed to the attack, a feeling of satisfaction and high expectancy is surging through the country.

Let it be harnessed to high endeavour, for without that our satisfaction will be short-lived.

From now on there can be no rest for the Fighting Services, and to sustain their efforts there must be no rest on the Home Front either.

In his address to the Members of the Houses of Parliament, General Smuts, foreseeing the offensive phase which has just opened, warned the free world sternly against complacency.

It was a necessary warning, and we quote it in full. Here are his words :

" A rough and terrible passage lies before us, and it will call for all our combined resources, all our concentrated will and effort, all our highest leadership, to carry us to our goal.

" There is no place for complacency or wishful thinking. The mortal struggle is on us and it will become more cruel and desperate as the end draws near."

This is the truth, harsh but wholesome. Our fighting men deserve our confidence, and we must be worthy of theirs. We must be ready to "go over the top" with them in production, in sacrifice, and in sustained enthusiasm.

Be sure that the enemy will be straining every sinew to outdo us now that he realises all is at stake.

He has the resources of a Continent to draw upon. In spite of opposition and sabotage, in spite of his victims' hatred and the increasing striking power of the British and American Air Forces, Hitler can still harness millions to his war machine.

Slaves will not work like free men, but it is foolish to under-rate the power even of forced labour, and dangerous to count too much upon the resistance of brave people in occupied lands.

Remember that tens of thousands of them have no choice but to work for the Nazis—or see their wives and children starve.

Moreover, the enemy is as cunning as he is ruthless. His demand for 150,000 *skilled* workers from France is proof of this.

He insists upon key men, craftsmen who can teach others and who can thus release many skilled German workers for the high-pressure training of still more labour.

Germany has no lack of " slaves." Her actual and potential reserves of unskilled labour are enormous. If that labour can be trained quickly and effectively, the enemy's factory output will be greatly increased.

The fact is that the Nazis have already organised an immense output of war material from what they call their "European Fortress." France alone, occupied and unoccupied, has become an arsenal for the enemy.

According to the latest reports from neutral sources, French industry has fulfilled or accepted German war orders to the value of between thirteen and fourteen hundred *million pounds.*

Hundreds of French factories are in full production for the enemy, and something like 70,000 contracts have been placed in France through the Paris Central Office.

Raids by the R.A.F. on the Renault Works and the great Le Creusot armaments centre have certainly reduced output, but it is well to remember that they were necessitated *by the very magnitude of French production for enemy purposes.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

That is a picture of what has been happening hitherto. Who can doubt that, as the enemy's desperate need increases, he will also increase his furious efforts to step up production in the countries he has overrun?

We faced extreme peril after Dunkirk and wrought miracles to meet it. The extent of our effort then should warn us of what Hitler must certainly attempt when, with most of Europe under his control, he has to meet the utmost challenge of our arms.

JOHN BULL *is confident that the combined resources of the United Nations are greater than the maximum Axis potential. Given unified planning and a grand production strategy agreed by all the Allies, we can certainly out-produce the enemy in spite of all his temporary advantages.*

But it would be fatal to imagine, merely because we have now passed from the defensive to the offensive, that our worst worries are at an end and that our most serious difficulties lie behind us.

Nothing could be farther from reality.

It is better for us to feel that the war is just beginning than to assume for an instant that victory is just round the corner.

We have no doubt that we can and shall win this war, but how *soon* we shall win it will depend enormously upon the continued and increasing efforts of our men and women *out* of uniform.

There is an imperative need to save shipping. We must be prepared to make greater economies than ever before.

We must be willing to go without every import that is not essential to our bare existence. And we must redouble our efforts to increase the production of food from our own land.

It is true that the ceaseless battle of the Seven Seas has at last turned in our favour to the extent that Britain and America are now launching more tonnage than the enemy is sinking.

But, even if we could count with certainty upon the maintenance of this margin, it is not big enough in itself to clinch the decision in our favour.

The war cannot be won by sea power or air power alone. There can be no decisive victory until the enemy is defeated on land, and the bigger our offensive the more urgently shall we need ships to carry food, arms and supplies for our fighting men.

Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport, has no illusions on this subject. In a recent interview he said: "The demand for ships for operational moves grows ahead of the production of tonnage."

His Ministry has accomplished prodigies of economy in shipping space and time. It is working on the principle that nothing must be carried which could be cut out.

But Lord Leathers warns the public that there will have to be a still greater reduction in imports of consumer goods. As the United Nations' offensive strategy develops, so must all of us on the Home Front be prepared to forgo everything but bare necessities.

Make no mistake about it: this is zero hour for the whole community. There can be no respite for the workers and the Home Defence Services.

Every part of our production needs to be improved and kept going "all out." And, what is more, the individual citizen must not relax his efforts in any direction.

And the Government owes it to the country to speed every offensive action abroad by unified planning at home. There is vital need for the United Nations to agree upon a grand strategy of production.

WE must not waste time or effort in producing anything superfluous to the necessities of existence and the demands of the Services for the right weapons in the right numbers in the right place and at the right time.

The final comb-out of fit men is in progress. They are to be called up from many industries hitherto regarded as essential. They must be replaced, and women alone can replace them.

The call is clear and imperative. Single women of suitable age are not yet completely mobilised in the war effort, and their married sisters, whether their husbands are in uniform or out of it, now have their last chance to come forward voluntarily to fill the gaps.

For this is total war and we are only at the outset of our greatest effort.

"We know now, as the opening round closes," say Colonel Knox, United States Navy Secretary, "that we are going to measure up to our destiny, but we have a long and agonising road ahead of us and months that will measure our greatness as a people."

It has been weary waiting, but at last we can go over the top together.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Do Men Really Enjoy Swearing?

"I'VE got a cold, Daddy," said my three-year-old daughter.

"Have you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"These *damned* colds," said Janet.

"Who on earth told you that?" I asked. "You said it, Daddy," was the reply.

★ ★ ★

And I remembered having said to my wife a couple of days previously as we were both sniffling into handkerchiefs, "Oh, these *damned* colds!"

I told Janet it was silly of me to have used such a word, and that she would be silly if she used it, too.

I hope the lesson sunk in, because I am one of those thoughtless people who, in moments of anger or stress, give their tongue a licence which is stupid and belittling.

Although I can swear with the best—or worst—I rarely do swear without realising, after the words have been uttered, how futile such swearing is.

The use of profane or blasphemous words is, it seems to me, a matter of environment. Men in a pub will curse more than men in a teashop.

And few, if any, of those men will ever be guilty at home of anything stronger than a mild "blast" or "damn."

Men whom I know, under the influence of drink, pour out a flood of obscenities which they detest and despise in their sober moments.

★ ★ ★

Psychologists may be able to explain this. They'll probably assert that the tongue, unloosened by liquor, is acting as a sort of escape valve, releasing pent-up thoughts or desires and revealing the urge to vice behind the façade of hypocritical virtue.

It has been argued that an inadequate vocabulary is the reason for swearing; that the use of profanity is the only way some men can string a sentence together.

★ ★ ★

That is not always true. Some of my friends, whose flow of conversation is as polished as their writing is brilliant, punctuate their talk with the most weird and disturbing of oaths, curses, blasphemies and profanities.

Yet, though I swear, and though most of my friends swear, I know it for its utter worthlessness.

George Washington, in an order to his officers to check swearing among the men of the first U.S. army, declared: "It is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

OPEN LETTERS

Air Chief Marshal Sir CHARLES PORTAL, Chief of Air Staff

DEAR SIR,—Never has the enemy been more heavily pounded from the air than in the last fortnight.

Never was an all-out attack more essential and more brilliantly executed.

In the Western Desert, it would be absolutely impossible for our troops to advance unless the R.A.F. held the mastery of the air—so powerful are the enemy defences, so greatly has the technique of warfare changed in recent months.

Nowadays the tank comes last, not first. The anti-tank guns must be silenced before it can sweep forward.

Only air bombardment can clear the way. Artillery must be "softened" by continuous and unchallenged bombardment from the skies.

That your forces have done—and done well.

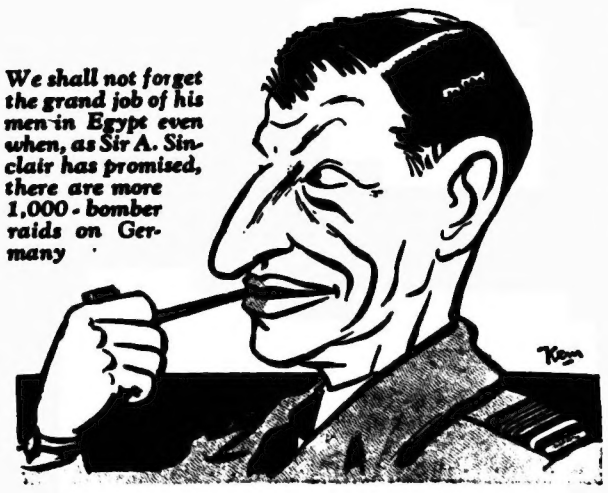
But this tremendous concentration of air power is little more than half the story.

It will be long before we forget the almost incredible performances of the Lancasters' attacks—by day and night—on the supply centres of Northern Italy. And all the time the ceaseless anti-U-boat patrol of the Bay of Biscay and the Eastern Atlantic has continued.

So has the defence of Malta. The reconnaissance of Burma by your machines based in India. The defence of Britain. The convoying of transports through the Arctic wastes to Russia.

Such are tasks that could be accomplished only by an enormously powerful Air Force, superbly controlled, and equipped with astonishing machines whose story is told on page 8 of this issue.

Why do I remind you of these facts? Because I want you to realise that the immensity of the R.A.F.'s aid is appreciated—and deeply respected—by the nation it serves.—JOHN BULL.



We shall not forget the grand job of his men in Egypt even when, as Sir A. Sinclair has promised, there are more 1,000-bomber raids on Germany

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President of the Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Soon, it is said, you are going to "get tough" with the nation; you intend to impose Austerity with a capital A.

I can assure you that the nation won't mind—*if you do it quickly.* What makes most people mad is that, despite all promises of "quick action," extravagance is still possible and is still practised by a minority.

Wembley Chamber of Commerce has been asked to buy for the local A.T.C. a drum-major's sash costing £20.

Rightly, the Chamber has refused. But such fripperies should not even be obtainable.

Women's hats are priced at seventeen, eighteen and twenty guineas in fashionable shops. Dresses and costumes have doubled in price—unjustifiably, as any tailor will tell you.

Jewellery is at a premium. Geegaws and knick-knacks of all kinds are fetching many times their real value.

Why? Because people with money to burn would rather buy non-rationed goods at fantastic prices than invest in State war loans.

The moral is obvious. You should make it impossible for them to waste money, material and labour.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour and National Service

DEAR SIR,—Here is bureaucracy gone mad!

A man was killed in an air raid last July. His widow notified the employment exchange of his death.

A month later, the dead man was informed that he would shortly be de-reserved. His widow again reported his death, and received an apology from your Ministry.

In September, two more letters came from the exchange. The dead man was apparently about to be enrolled in the Home Guard. Again the widow wrote to the exchange manager.

Now two more letters have arrived—to inform her late husband that he must do part-time duty in Civil Defence or the Police!

Another man, aged fifty-two, was ordered to undergo a medical examination. Being over military age, he concluded that a mistake had been made, and, on the advice of the police, did not attend the examination.

Upon which your officials summoned him for disobeying a Defence Regulation!

I suggest you find your subordinates something better to do.—JOHN BULL.

Lord LEATHERS, Minister of War Transport

MY LORD,—Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cork is impatient. Who can wonder?

He told you how supplies for the recent Malta convoy were taken through Britain with their destination clearly marked on the cases.

He spoke, too, of war materials labelled "Archangel or Murmansk"—just as, months ago, I told how supplies for Russia were taken by road across Britain with the name of their departure port visible to any enemy agent who happened to be interested.

Well, you promised Lord Cork that a special investigation would be held.

A fortnight went by. In that time neither Lord Cork nor the "death ship" officer who had given him the information heard anything further about the matter.

A strange delay. There could hardly be a more urgent subject for inquiry than the allegation that spies were learning in advance of the departure of highly important British convoys

Now, I hear, the inquiry has opened.

No dawdler yourself, I hope you will see that there will be no delay in acting upon its recommendations.—JOHN BULL.

Lord KENNET, Chairman of the Bank Quiz

MY LORD,—Your report on banks and financial houses just isn't strong enough. I doubt, therefore, whether it will have the result of making the banks provide more young men for the Forces.

You see, you should have talked to bank clerks themselves to discover the truth.

If you had done so, you would have learned of one man who had hardly anything to do until recently. Then the bank took away the work of an experienced senior woman and gave it to the man—to save him from military service.

You might have heard of another head office official who admits that his work "wouldn't keep a canary in bird's seed"—but he is still classed by his employers as "indispensable."

You would certainly have heard of highly trained women, with many years' service whose particular branches of banking work have ceased with the war—and who could take on the jobs of men young enough for military service.

And what a pity your Report could not deal with all the Government officials who have nothing to do!—JOHN BULL.

We'd Like to Know . . .

- **How many big fires (unconnected with enemy action) go undetected by fire-watchers?**
- Why watchers can be fined for not reporting for duty, and yet nothing happens, apparently, if they turn up in a condition scarcely fit to guard valuable property against Nazi bombers.
- *And if London barmaids are drawing 4s. 6d. for fire-watching duties* while drawing beer?
- Why the "Utility suit" isn't made more popular, seeing it saved 500,000 tons of shipping in the first nine months.
- **If letters which soldiers abroad were asked to send early on the assurance they would not be delivered until Christmas, are reaching relatives here now.**
- How much the Post Office is spending to enable expert chemists and physicists to find a substitute for rubber in "inside" wiring?
- **And whether P.O. engineers haven't left behind in the homes and businesses of Britain sufficient unwanted "inside" wiring to satisfy our national needs for two years?**
- *How many notabilities have been stopped while motoring and told they will have to explain their use or misuse of petrol?*
- And when are the prosecutions coming?
- **If police constables are having to patrol "beats" swept clean of all buildings by enemy action—and are protesting against such misuse of their services?**
- *What are the names of the "big people" behind the new British National Party which Mr. Morrison says he is watching?*
- **And whether their literature reads very much like that of the old British Union of Fascists?**
- *How many organisations preach pacifism or defeatism on such purely superstitious grounds as a vague interpretation of the Bible?*
- And is the Home Office trying to find out whether they are not more interested in "Mein Kampf" than Holy Writ?
- **If, at a time when merchant seamen are running such risks, the skipper of the smallest ship can refuse a man leave to visit a dying wife?**
- *And if it is right at such times as these that—unlike a man in the Navy—a merchant seaman should have no right of appeal over his own bridge?*

★ COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS, beginning another batch of vivid yarns of the sea, picks an adventure which, he says, leaves his own thrilling experiences far behind. And he has been in some pretty tight corners! Once he slipped through the jaws of the famous German raiders, the *Wulf* and the *Emden*

Bombs whined down amid the chatter of machine guns competing with the crackle of fires along the water front

Fred Burton's Mad Armada

IT happened to a trim young seaman out of Sunderland, that black Wearside town with the grim cast-iron bridge and the smear of seacoal over all.

It breeds men!

Young Fred Burton is a ship's carpenter; and since the days of Drake and Nelson, "Chips" has always been a real figure aboard, who could serve a gun, rig a spar, or lead a boarding party, just as occasion demanded.

Burton's ship was lading at an Eastern port when the Japanese troops came swarming in, drunk with early victories. Grim remnants in khaki fought them house by house.

Grenades thumped and bombs whined down amid the chatter of machine-guns competing with the crackle of fires among the houses along the waterfront.

Rescued 300

It was then that the skipper, immaculate in white drill, stepped ashore and smartly shepherded more than 300 people who would otherwise have been left to the mercies of the yellow soldiers.

The ship normally carried about twenty men and her cargo. But a little thing like that never stopped British seamen from giving a hand to the helpless.

Mitsubishi bombers droned overhead salting the harbour with bombs; Jap troops frantically tried to get a light gun mounted on the dockside—but the sturdy British tramp stumped off out to sea, picking her way between exploding cascades of water and melting presently into a lucky bank of fog.

She was not to escape so easily.

The Japs sent a submarine on her trail. It ran her down, and torpedoed her deliberately from close range, about 100 miles out from land.

She heeled over till her deck was nearly forty-five degrees, and it was obvious that she was only waiting a little before her last plunge.

It was already evening, and night comes down like a black hand in those latitudes.

All the boats, except one, were smashed to matchwood by the explosion of the torpedo, or else hopelessly stove in by flying débris. And there were more than 300 people aboard.

On the Main Deck

Fred Burton took charge on the main deck, while the officers left unhurt were busy doing their duty in other parts of the vessel.

"We'll make rafts, boys," he yelled, above the din of the crowd, and the cluck-cluck of the sea bursting in through the shattered side, and the grinding of shifting cargo, and the crackling of a fire that had started aft.

"Tear down everything wood you can drag loose. I'll knock them up into rafts in no time."

The uproar redoubled. Men—and women, too—ran about tearing out with their hands and with levers and handspikes the boards that the explosion had splintered and flung so wildly about.

Hands were rubbed and torn raw in a few moments, handling the tough wood of the decks and superstructure, but they carried on, shouting and laughing like folk at a picnic.

"Old Noah's Ark with all the fittin's," the grey-haired seaman shouted. "The monkeys are goin' on two by two. . . ."

Do you remember when the Jews fought a great battle and somebody held up their leader's arms because, so long as he kept them up, God had promised that the sun would not set?

Well, one of the survivors from that ship told me that it seemed to him, as they worked like fiends there with the sea already lapping round their ankles, as if the sun was somehow held above the horizon, so that they could go on with those rafts.

"I reckon young Burton held it up with the faith that was in him," the seaman said soberly. And he was not the cut of man you would have expected to hear that from, either.

"Can-Do" Burton

The hammers rang and the boards came cracking up, and presently they pushed off the first raft, loaded down with passengers.

Another raft was finished and got away. And another.

'Way over in the States they talk about "Can-Do Henry Kaiser" and his almost nightmare output of Liberty ships.

Well, I say hats off to Kaiser, but give me "Can-Do Burton" and his rafts, floating one after another off the froth of hell as it boiled and bubbled round that sinking tramp under a flaming tropical sunset 100 miles from enemy-occupied land.

And then, as I have so often seen it do in the tropics, night came down as if someone had flung a vast black mantle suddenly and without warning over the world.

"Get candles, boys," yelled Burton's voice confidently. "There's plenty of wood yet. We'll cheat the Mikado if we work all night to do it."

Everyone there knew that they could not work all night—that the ship must plunge now within minutes. . . .

But they got candles, and worked on, their shadows leaping fantastically before them, and the water now to their knees.

Someone started a sea shanty very popular now among our merchant seamen:

Hitler was a warrior—Way-ay, Yah!
Hitler was a warrior—Fritz-y, Yah! . . .

One of the mates came strolling down a broken ladder, and walked along the slanting deck, holding tightly, as easy as if he were on the pavement at Southsea.

"Look alive there," came his quiet voice. "Get those rafts pushed off. She's going." As if the ship had heard his words, she gave a sickening lurch, and the bows dipped under. But still that ruined hulk remained afloat.

"By God, it seemed as if she wanted to give us a sporting chance!" they told me afterwards.

The Last Raft

Kneeling in the water, Fred Burton was striving desperately to put together the last raft.

At last it was completed. There was no launching to be done; it was built on the water, so to speak.

Burton himself clambered aboard that last raft, candle in hand, and, with broken bits of board for oars, they pushed it off.

They had not gone five fathoms when, with a roar and a gulp like a giant's death-rattle, the ship went down.

Now, and now indeed, those rafts built at such nightmare speed, some by candlelight, with the sea sucking at the builders' legs, aboard a wreck just about to plunge, were put to the test.

One thing to build them; another to see if they would live in the vast southern swells, so overloaded and crammed with humanity that no man dared move hand or foot in case he bumped his neighbour into the sea.

And in that sea sharks abound, some of them thirty feet long. . . .

From all around on the darkened sea, swelling and soothing under the tropical stars, came the old song they were still singing:

Hitler went to Moscow—Way-ay, Yah!
Hitler went to Moscow—Fritz-y, Yah!
Hitler he came back again—Way, ay, Yah! . . .
Way-ay, Yah! . .

They first sang that song about Boney, more than a hundred years ago. Or maybe I am wrong—maybe it was sung about Spanish Philip by Drake's cheerful pirates as they sailed into Cadiz Bay.

It will serve our time.

Candle Signals

The British Navy is never far away. Before those rafts had been long at sea the first lean British destroyer came smoking up.

She was followed by another. Candles signalled from all over the sea, and naval officers stared round into the darkness and swore softly—and marvelled.

No fewer than 241 people were saved on young Burton's rafts. Some of those rafts floated for seventeen hours before their crews were picked off them.

Yes, Fred Burton was a master of his trade.

And now he's left his Sunderland home, and gone once more a-rovin'. . . .

WHAT 'STATE OF EMERGENCY' REALLY MEANS

TRONDHEIM, the lovely Norwegian port which the Germans have transformed into a big fortified naval base, looked like a dead city

Cafés and restaurants, theatres and cinemas were closed. Though it was early in the evening the streets were empty.

Empty—but not quite.

Now and then the sound of the heavy jackboots of the Nazi patrols broke the silence Or armoured cars roared along, filled with more Nazis, revolvers in hand, tommy-guns at the ready.

A state of emergency had been declared!

★ ★ ★

What does it mean?

It means mass-arrests and murder, death and deportations, courts-martial and concentration camps, dismissals and purges, and the whole parahernalia of Nazi terror under the cloak of legality.

There is no better, no grimmer, example than Trondheim in October.

Gauleiter Terboven had hurried to the base. No sooner had he arrived than the German courts-martial began their job.

Thirty-four Norwegians were shot. The Nazis simply announced that unspecified acts of sabotage had been committed.

The facts are that all the victims of this mass-execution had been carefully chosen from all sections of the population so that their fellow-officials, fellow-farmers, fellow-workers should be impressed with the might of the Nazis

★ ★ ★

While the firing squads were still busy, over a thousand arrests were carried out. They, too, were carefully chosen.

They included all well-known trade union officials in the district, leaders of both the Labour and Conservative Parties.

A Gestapo Commission, in the meantime, carried out a purge of the local administration.

Scores of municipal officials were dismissed. School principals and teachers were sacked and thrown out of their homes

Leading business men were deprived of the control of their firms and banned from the town.

The whole board of the Bank of Norway was dismissed. Local Red Cross organisations were taken over by Nazi nominees.

When the state of emergency was lifted it appeared that Trondheim had been purged of all patriot elements

★ ★ ★

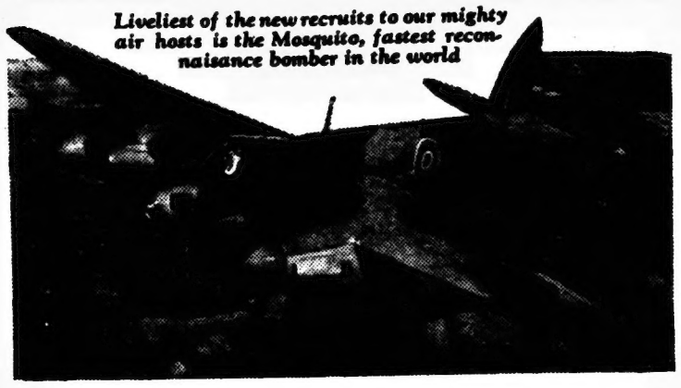
But Gauleiter Terboven, who had ordered the vast purge, dared to speak of "his friendship for the Norwegian people," and had the audacity to explain that he had taken these measures to safeguard food supplies for Norway!

Yet imported Germans and local quislings had used the state of emergency to instal themselves in every worth-while job in town.

Over a thousand Norwegian families were left in uncertainty about the fate of their fathers, sons and brothers whom the Gestapo had abducted.

The Nazis now felt that the hinterland of their naval base was safe. And that is the true explanation behind a week of terror in Trondheim.

★ A writer, who has been close to the R.A.F. throughout the war, shows you a miracle—not to sit down admiring it, but to spur you on to do your bit in turning it to victory



Liveliest of the new recruits to our mighty air hosts is the Mosquito, fastest reconnaisance bomber in the world

Two-year Leap to Air Miracle

IT is a tonic contrast-story of a night and a day two years apart, and of the Air Miracle in between.

The night was in late autumn, 1940, when there was in the sky that grim red glow then familiar to millions who lived in and near burning London.

I was with the heavy guns of the barrage at a site on the northern doorstep of the capital.

Battling to bar the sky-way, with half-batteries of four synchronised to fire as one, the guns lit the heaven with countless stars of splintering steel; but still two, three, four hundred raiders got through, and the ominous red glow grew.

About *one ton* of bombs was dropped by each of the heaviest attackers the *Luftwaffe* could muster in that darkest hour.

Defending night fighter aircraft were negligible in number and undeveloped in technique to do much to stave off the destruction.

Precious Few

Day fighters, pressed hastily into night service, were more precious than we knew.

It wouldn't have helped the indomitable fight against that red glow to have been told that those left in reserve after the day Battle of Britain could be counted on the fingers.

That night the most continuous air blitz in darkness was at its peak.

Night had come—the night of the *Luftwaffe's one-ton* bomber doing its devastating worst!

Britain's own one-tonners of that time, the Wellingtons and Whitleys, were far too few to answer back with equal havoc.

Her new air "babies"—gliders, paratroops and Army Co-operation Command—were only just being born. . . .

So was the beginning of another story.

After two miraculous years that story is now unfolding itself sufficiently to reveal, when pieced together into a pattern, what is to come as retribution for the mass murder of innocents beneath that red glow of two autumns ago.

The other day I visited an R.A.F. station where there were in impressive numbers heavy bombers each able to drop eight tons of bombs, the biggest of these alone weighing three and a half times the heaviest load of any German raider in the blitz.

Hundreds of these giant 32-ton Lancasters, even allowing for the greater distance covered, are now pounding Germany with four times the load any Nazi bomber brought to London.

And the destructive power, pound for pound, is far greater.

Double Doses

Others, making the 1,500-miles round trip to Italy, have rained down at least twice as much as the Nazis, travelling little more than one-tenth of the distance, dropped on London.

And this not at night, but by day, with the greater accuracy of precision bombing, and with astonishingly low losses.

In the biggest of the short-lived daylight raids in the Battle of Britain the Nazis' loss of 185 fighters and bombers was a third of the total that came over.

In the Lancasters' unescorted day raid on Le Creusot, that, in seven minutes, turned the "Krupps of France" into dust and smoke, the loss was less than one per cent.

It was under 4 per cent. in the Fortresses' daylight Battle of Lille, when they shot down twelve times as many of the enemy.

These feats of the Lancasters and Fortresses, in the new vista of daylight bombing now opening up, give the first glimpse of the part they and other Allied heavy bombers will play when the Freedom Armies land on hostile soil for the Battle of Germany.

Their indicated rôle will be to penetrate deep behind the Nazi lines, paralysing their communications and cracking the morale of their home front.

With their withering armament of half-inch calibre machine-guns and their precision bombing from great heights, the Fortresses will draw the Nazi fighters up there to give them as much or more than they can take.

The Lancasters, already experienced in doing some of their bombing from 50 ft., will race at tree-top level up to 300 m.p.h., moving so fast at that low altitude that ground defences will stand a poor chance of bringing them down.

Speedy Monsters

What effect this will have on Nazi morale is best judged by comparison with those stories the Tommies brought back from Flanders of the small-fry, hedge-hopping Messerschmitt strafers of those days.

Two magical years have produced 32-ton monsters with almost as great a speed as those hedge-hopping fighters of 1940.

At the other end of the bombing scale in the pattern of what is coming to Germany in broad day will be the wooden Mosquito, fastest reconnaissance-light-bomber in the world. Its range brings Berlin and most other Nazi cities within its mark, even when it is flown from Britain.

There'll be the unsurpassed Spitfire to take its place in the stratosphere to meet high-flying defenders, so that when Second Front air combat is joined battles will be fought anything from 50 ft. to eight miles high.

The Germans will need a lot of 'planes (the Russian front permitting) to engage their attackers all the way up to that lofty "ceiling."

And the prospect of those who lit that red glow over Britain's cities two years ago is not brightened by soaring Allied production, now far ahead of theirs.

American production alone is an almost fantastic romance of those two years since autumn, 1940, when practically the only American-built machines in the R.A.F. were the sturdy Hudsons of Coastal Command.

The fast Mustang, the Army Co-operation reconnaissance 'plane whose half-inch bullets are effective at three times the ordinary bullet's deadly range, will be prominent in the picture as the "eyes" of the liberating armies.

America's Share

Liberators and Catalinas like Fortresses and Hudsons—all of which are providing important convoys with air escort—Tomahawks, Kittyhawks, Bostons, are but part of America's share in the two-year plan.

This much, and more that can't be told, is indicated in the design for the daylight strafing that will light up a greater red glow over German cities than was ever dreamed of by Britain's victims of the indiscriminate blitzing of that autumn of two years ago.

On top of it will be the night half of the round-the-clock hammering. Demonstrated at its worst by the 1,000-bomber raids, it will, in itself, be far more devastating than anything experienced in Britain's darkest days.

There will be no shortage, as then, of pilots and crews to press home the onslaught.

Two years have turned "The Few" into an R.A.F. probably over a million strong (to say nothing of American reinforcements), and by far the greatest number are in this country.

The Middle East success of air and land co-operation, at its maximum extent, with airman and soldier welded into one as never before, is but a foretaste of the concentrated fury behind the two-year Miracle.

Almost daily now this achievement gives glimpses of what it will be like for the Nazis when the combined retributive hour comes to strike!

JOHN CASHEL.

NOVEMBER 7, 1942

WE'RE OVER THE

★ *Grand!—but get this clear: We are only at the foothills of the big job. This survey of the hazards that lie in the way before Hitlerism and its offshoots can be smashed show why EVERYONE'S utmost effort is needed now more than ever.*

By A. G. GARDINER

THE "switch-over"—to use General Smuts' phrase—has come. East and West we have survived the lightning strokes that were to kill us in our sleep, before we could seize our arms.

For three years we have been on the defensive, fighting for time, fighting to mobilise our power, fighting to arouse the world to its peril.

That phase is over. We have assembled our strength. We have overhauled the enemy's flying start. We are on even terms with him.

We have passed from the defence to the attack. Now comes the real tug-o'-war.

IT IS A MOMENT FOR THANKFULNESS—THANKFULNESS FOR HAVING THWARTED THE TERRIFIC PLOT PREPARED FOR OUR DESTRUCTION. BUT IT IS NOT A MOMENT TO RELAX.

We have stopped the rot, but we have not turned the scales, and we have learned nothing if we have not learned to respect the might, the cunning and the ruthlessness of an enemy who acknowledges no laws, human or divine.

The more desperate his position the more brutally he will fight. We must have no illusions and must steel ourselves to take hard blows before victory is ours.

★ ★ ★

With this caution, we can enter on the decisive phase of the war with stout hearts and sober confidence. The fact that we are in the position to take the offensive is itself encouraging.

It does not mean that the enemy is "on the run," but it does mean that he has been winded and that his schedule has come to grief.

In spite of spectacular successes he has been disappointed on every battle front.

He has bled himself white in Russia without reaching a decision. Another winter finds him still in deadly grapple with an undefeated enemy.

He has reached none of his goals, and though he has made a deep bulge in the Russian line, that bulge, with its enormous extension of his front and of his communications, may well prove a disastrous liability.

The great pincer movement which headed his programme for last summer is still in the air. Rommel and von Bock were to have clasped hands in the Middle East and, with the Mediterranean, the Suez and the Caucasus all conquered, the link-up with Japan in the Indian Ocean would be achieved.

So sure of this were the Axis chiefs that Mussolini and Ribbentrop raced out to Rommel's camp last May to share in the triumphal entry into Alexandria.

So sure of it were they that the Japanese Admiral Suetzuga told in Mussolini's paper how at one stroke Japan and her allies would establish connection across the Indian Ocean and cut off Russia and India from the south while Germany would blockade Russia from the north.

But Rommel is still on the wrong side of Suez and von Hoth (von Bock's successor) still on the wrong side of the Caucasus.

8th Army, spearhead of the offensive, has no illusions, but its confidence is mirrored in this lad's greeting to a German prisoner

Not less disappointing has been the campaign on the Atlantic front. It is true that the devastations of the U-boat in the early summer reached formidable, even menacing, figures. This was due mainly to the terrible rents in America's defensive system.

The rents have been mended, and with Brazil, Mexico and other South American states engaged in stopping up the hide-holes of the U-boat, there has been an impressive slump in the sinkings.

THE ATLANTIC IS STILL THE MOST VULNERABLE SPOT IN OUR ARMOUR AND THE U-BOAT THE MOST DANGEROUS WEAPON WE HAVE TO COMBAT.

We have not yet mastered it, but it has not mastered us. We have held it off from "the kill." And Mr. Alexander's figures of our slaughter of the U-boat, coupled with the increasing intensity of the pursuit, justify the belief that when the final "kill" comes it is the U-boat that will furnish the corpse.

★ ★ ★

So far the negative case for the offensive. Turn to the positive case.

We could delay no longer.

Both on moral and military grounds we were bound to come to the relief of Russia with all the resources at our command. By this I do not mean that I share the monstrous and mischievous view that we have left Russia in the lurch.

That is a wicked suggestion useful for Goebbels' propaganda, but criminally unjust to this country and the thousands of brave seamen who make that ghastly passage to Murmansk.

It ignores the obstinate facts of geography. It ignores the stupendous naval burden this nation carries in keeping the seas of the world closed to the enemy and open to the Allies, including Russia.

WE'RE OVER THE TOP!

★ Grand!—but get this clear: We are only at the foothills of the big job. This survey of the hazards that lie in the way before Hitlerism and its offshoots can be smashed show why EVERYONE'S utmost effort is needed now more than ever.

By A. G. GARDINER

THE "switch-over"—to use General Smuts' phrase—has come. East and West we have survived the lightning strokes that were to kill us in our sleep, before we could seize our arms.

For three years we have been on the defensive, fighting for time, fighting to mobilise our power, fighting to arouse the world to its peril.

That phase is over. We have assembled our strength. We have overhauled the enemy's flying start. We are on even terms with him.

We have passed from the defence to the attack. Now comes the real tug-o'-war.

IT IS A MOMENT FOR THANKFULNESS—THANKFULNESS FOR HAVING THWARTED THE TERRIFIC PLOT PREPARED FOR OUR DESTRUCTION. BUT IT IS NOT A MOMENT TO RELAX.

We have stopped the rot, but we have not turned the scales, and we have learned nothing if we have not learned to respect the might, the cunning and the ruthlessness of an enemy who acknowledges no laws, human or divine.

The more desperate his position the more brutally he will fight. We must have no illusions and must steel ourselves to take hard blows before victory is ours.

★ ★ ★

With this caution, we can enter on the decisive phase of the war with stout hearts and sober confidence. The fact that we are in the position to take the offensive is itself encouraging.

It does not mean that the enemy is "on the run," but it does mean that he has been winded and that his schedule has come to grief.

In spite of spectacular successes he has been disappointed on every battle front.

He has bled himself white in Russia without reaching a decision. Another winter finds him still in deadly grapple with an undefeated enemy.

He has reached none of his goals, and though he has made a deep bulge in the Russian line, that bulge, with its enormous extension of his front and of his communications, may well prove a disastrous liability.

The great pincer movement which headed his programme for last summer is still in the air. Rommel and von Bock were to have clasped hands in the Middle East and, with the Mediterranean, the Suez and the Caucasus all conquered, the link-up with Japan in the Indian Ocean would be achieved.

So sure of this were the Axis chiefs that Mussolini and Ribbentrop raced out to Rommel's camp last May to share in the triumphal entry into Alexandria.

So sure of it were they that the Japanese Admiral Suetzuga told in Mussolini's paper how at one stroke Japan and her allies would establish connection across the Indian Ocean and cut off Russia and India from the south while Germany would blockade Russia from the north.

But Rommel is still on the wrong side of Suez and von Hoth (von Bock's successor) still on the wrong side of the Caucasus.

8th Army, spearhead of the offensive, has no illusions, but its confidence is mirrored in this lad's greeting to a German prisoner

Not less disappointing has been the campaign on the Atlantic front. It is true that the devastations of the U-boat in the early summer reached formidable, even menacing, figures. This was due mainly to the terrible rents in America's defensive system.

The rents have been mended, and with Brazil, Mexico and other South American states engaged in stopping up the hide-holes of the U-boat, there has been an impressive slump in the sinkings.

THE ATLANTIC IS STILL THE MOST VULNERABLE SPOT IN OUR ARMOUR AND THE U-BOAT THE MOST DANGEROUS WEAPON WE HAVE TO COMBAT.

We have not yet mastered it, but it has not mastered us. We have held it off from "the kill." And Mr. Alexander's figures of our slaughter of the U-boat, coupled with the increasing intensity of the pursuit, justify the belief that when the final "kill" comes it is the U-boat that will furnish the corpse.

★ ★ ★

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That is a wicked suggestion useful for Goebbels' propaganda, but criminally unjust to this country and the thousands of brave seamen who make that ghastly passage to Murmansk.

It ignores the obstinate facts of geography. It ignores the stupendous naval burden this nation carries in keeping the seas of the world closed to the enemy and open to the Allies, including Russia.

It ignores the labour of millions of workers toiling to munition the Russian army. It ignores our obligations at home, in Africa, in India, in the South Pacific, at Gibraltar, at Malta.

It is a slander upon those gallant men who go out daily and nightly to destroy the power-house of Russia's enemy, and who, in doing so, withdraw a third of Hitler's air strength from his Russian front.

★ ★ ★

But all-out risks must be taken at some stage, and the moment has come to take them.

WITH WINTER COMING TO THE RELIEF OF RUSSIA, WE MUST STRIKE THE ENEMY SUCH DEADLY BLOWS ON ALL FRONTS THAT SPRING WILL FIND HIM INCAPABLE OF MOUNTING A THIRD CAMPAIGN AGAINST OUR HEROIC ALLY.

Our resources for the great adventure have not reached their maximum, but they are adequate. In one respect they represent a supremacy which may well decide the issue.

In this strange and terrible war nothing has been more sensational than the dominance of air power. It was with that power, mainly, that Hitler set out to conquer the world. It is that power we have most clearly snatched from him.

We have snatched it from him both in quality and quantity, alike of men and material.

Evidence of this has been accumulating ever since the Battle of Britain astonished the world.

It has never been more convincing than in the air war over Malta and Egypt and in Hitler's inability to reply to the avalanche that is battering his towns and his war machine from the Ruhr to Genoa.

And in this great matter the striking power of America is keeping pace with our own—that is, her air power, with which she is turning the tide in the South Pacific. She has revealed in the Midway and Coral Island battles the immense importance of the air arm at sea.

★ ★ ★

Our hand is weakest in the suit in which we have always been invulnerable. The collapse of France has strained our naval resources to the limit of danger, and the most urgent of our needs is the recovery of that complete empire of the seas which is the corner-stone of victory.

Fortunately, the enormous production of America, coupled with our own, should make the position at sea secure. Witness the astonishing fact that America has already transported 600,000 men overseas without the loss of a life.

It is idle to speculate as to the full scope of the offensive that has opened in Egypt. That will unfold itself as the days pass.

But its aim will be to cause the widest diffusion of the enemy, relieve the pressure on Russia, release the might of China in the Far East, concentrate all the blows into a single strategic purpose, and let loose the volcano that heaves under the surface of stricken Europe.

WE HAVE TAKEN THE INITIATIVE. WE ARE "OVER THE TOP." THERE MUST BE NO LOOKING BACK TILL THE GOAL IS REACHED.

HITLER'S FUTURE DEPENDS ON FATE OF ROMMEL

MORE than the Mediterranean and Africa, the whole conception and organisation of the *Wehrmacht* now depends on Rommel's fate.

Hitler's claim to be master of his own strategy will be put to the test, his position as C.-in-C. of the German army is at stake wherever Rommel fights.

I shall tell you why.

In spite of a unique sequence of successes not all was well with the leadership of the *Wehrmacht*.

Hitler's dramatic assumption of the supreme command last winter was the first sign. Dismissal of leading German generals, the disappearance of many prominent military figures from the scene of action, confirmed the suspicion.

★ ★ ★

Even more sensational proof was Goering's recent admission that, "with a few exceptions"—with exceptions, mark you!—the armed forces stood behind the Fuehrer.

But Goering went still further.

He explained that the German General Staff, which the world and particularly the German people had always regarded as the brain behind the war effort, had only inferior tasks—had to obey orders, not to give them. And even more: "Yes," he thundered, "even generals can be shot if they fail to do their duty."

It was an unprecedented reminder to this exalted caste that they would have a lesson in Nazi discipline if they did not toe the line.

That public rebuke to the German General Staff came only a few months after the whole German Press reprinted an article by a leading German staff officer explaining the great and silent power of the General Staff!

★ ★ ★

Clearly Hitler wanted to break this power. Obviously this megalomaniac could not tolerate the impression that there was a power behind his throne.

Only Rommel, among all the leading and well-known German generals, was allowed to dissociate himself publicly from the German officer caste.

Remember how, last year, when he was forced to retreat, German spokesmen explained that Hitler had permitted him to act on his own initiative. That he was master of his own fate and not obliged to wait for instructions from Berlin.

Rommel was the one German general who accepted Hitler—and Hitler only—as his chief, and almost publicly snubbed the German General Staff.

Now Rommel alone among German field generals was given a place of honour by Hitler's side. When Hitler made his recent speech he introduced Rommel to the cheering crowd.

He has been publicised like a film star. While other German generals who had been far more successful in this war had to be satisfied with honourable mention in the German Press. Rommel's pictures stared at the German people from every page of every Nazi journal.

★ ★ ★

That's why Rommel's fate in this big battle of the desert is particularly vital to him, in addition, of course, to the military issues at stake.

If his favourite could withstand the attack and hold on to what he has got, Hitler would not have to fear any challenge to his leadership.

But if Rommel is smashed in Africa we are likely to see shattering repercussions on the German political front.

And, against this result, the military gains of the battle, vast though they would be, might well look small—very small indeed.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

● Food, such as it is, has been more fairly distributed during the war than ever before. Health, as a consequence, has been good among the workers.

It is in quantity, rather than in variety, that the poorest have benefited.

As for the better-off, their health has been improved because rich foods, to which they were used, have been denied them.

But the chief reason for the better health conditions among the comparatively rich is that they have had other things than their health to worry about. One of the main causes of illness is fear of it.

ARE E.N.S.A. PROGRAMMES APPRECIATED?

● As over 3,000 performances, everything except circuses, are given every week by E.N.S.A.—this in addition to cinema shows—it follows that some are appreciated and some are not.

Everyone expects the stars—and there are not enough to go round.

The most popular form of amusement is Variety, and 500 music-hall entertainers are employed.

Next come the band concerts with "turns" added, and then ordinary concerts of a mixed type.

"Straight" plays are growing in popularity; but even then it depends not only on the type of play but on the type of audience, which varies at every show.

Some like classical music; some hate it—and that is true of ballet.

In the big camps, they get all sorts in turn.

But—how can you please everybody?

HOW STRONG IS HITLER'S GRIP ON ITALY?

● Few British people can understand how one of the Axis powers can allow another to control its destiny.

But it is so in Italy, which might be out of the war to-morrow but for the fact that the Fascist bosses are in turn bossed by the Nazis.

A whisper of "treason"—and off go "traitors" to the prison islands. The masses yearn for peace.

Not until, with Libya won back by the British, and with our Fleet in control of the Mediterranean—this may happen sooner than we expect—we invade the Italian coast, will a populace weary of Fascism and sick to death of Mussolini be able to throw off their Nazi masters.

ARE BATTLE SCENES IN GOOD TASTE?

● Some readers of mine object to the photographs, published everywhere, of a few Tommies going into action in Libya. They call them harrowing!

Yet, surely if their sons and brothers can stand the reality of war, they should have the guts to be able to look at the photographs!

Did the pictures of blitzed London hurt the dwellers in far-off villages more than the bombs had hurt the Cockneys whose homes had been destroyed?

Cockneys did not whimper. They "took it."

And whether they like it or not, people who are not fighting will have to endure the sight of our people doing it.

BIG FARCE OF THE LOTTERY LAWS

FAR greater attention must be paid by police authorities to our lottery laws. Too many flagrant offences are committed where action is not taken through official lack of initiative.

Once again—as always in the weeks just before Christmas—the public is being asked to buy tickets in strange sweepstakes without any adequate safeguard that the money will not go to enrich promoters and collectors.

A "private lottery" is only legally permitted if certain very rigid conditions are fulfilled and if the sale of tickets is restricted to a club or to "members of one society established and conducted for purposes not connected with gaming or lotteries."

Tickets, for instance, can be sold among people working on the same premises or to persons who reside on the same premises.

But usually these illegal "prize draws," which are supposed to be in aid of some quite reputable charity, are run on universal lines with tickets available to anybody!

And they are not conducted by the charity. They are run by professional promoters.

Generally, no audited accounts are kept.

And there is no guarantee that the "prizes" will be properly distributed.

Examples reported to me by my investigators afford ample proof of the need to ensure that the provisions of the lottery laws are much more widely enforced.

One widespread appeal was recently made under the supposed auspices of a well-known charity.

So people who bought tickets thought they were helping a splendid cause. But were they?

Scores of men and women who had never heard of this sweepstake's "appeal secretary" were surprised to receive whole books of tickets through the post for sale to their friends.

And what was the inducement offered to them? Well, they were instructed to keep a quarter of the proceeds; they could keep 5s. of every pound they raised!

Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, should take his coat off and see that the law is enforced

Camouflage

In addition, of course, there would be the promotion expenses to be paid. Here, again, the arrangement was oddly slipshod.

There was no independent committee of management. No auditors. No books of accounts that could be inspected by people who hoped to win prizes.

Most startling fact of all, the society for which the appeal has been made bluntly and completely repudiates the whole business!

I cannot pretend surprise at this development. For I know that behind most of these dubious ventures are men who live by their wits and whose reputations are murky.

I know one family which has financed illegal lotteries for years and has done extremely well from it.

These professional get-rich-quicks shelter behind paid hirelings—and only the persons named on the tickets are usually proceeded against.

Not that it matters much, anyway, because the "punishment" meted out by the magistrates is never more severe than a fine for a first offence. And rarely does the same "Appeal Secretary" figure in the same rôle twice!

Often, no action is taken before the "organisers" have got away from the district.

Certainly the London police have been doing their utmost to stop illegal "draws." But London isn't Britain.

So some sweepstake promoters have decided to go outside the Metropolitan area to launch their schemes.

They feel they aren't very likely to be thwarted by local authorities whose experience of big lotteries cannot be extensive.

I suspect this is the reason why Maidenhead was chosen for the "headquarters" of a sweepstake I mentioned a fortnight ago.

That so-called £1,000 Defence Bond Draw, you remember, was run in the name of the Legal Aid and Benefit Fund of the National Union of Auxiliary Firemen.

Though the tickets bore the name of Fireman L. Scott, the real promoter was a notorious organiser of doubtful betting schemes named Harold Johnson.

This safety-first choice of provincial headquarters was best shown by an impudent "Christmas Appeal and Comforts Fund for the Forces" launched from a small, temporarily rented office at Redhill in Surrey.

Professional promoters persuaded a small charitable organisation to lend its name to the venture in the belief that Service comforts funds would benefit.

The charity's name secured, the country was flooded with 6d. tickets which offered War Bonds as prizes.

Our Exposure

Following an exposure of the facts in JOHN BULL, police went along to the Redhill office with a search warrant.

They found the appeal secretary busy with a recent postal delivery which had yielded £1,150 7s. in cheques and postal orders!

Asked for records of the cash received, he said that the books were kept in London. None were ever found.

And, when the case was belatedly brought to court and the chairman of magistrates declared that public sentiment had been exploited for private benefit, a mere fine was imposed!

That was only one of the ramps by which the public was exploited last Christmas. I remember another sweepstake where the police seized £2,500 after I had urged them to take action.

Which shows that promoters of dubious "draws" can always make big money if they cast their net widely enough.

Moreover, the sweepstake racket is becoming so widespread that it is a serious danger in elementary and secondary schools.

"We have protested to the Board of Education and the Home Office," says the Churches Committee on Gambling, "but they prefer to close their eyes to the evil."

Central Action Needed

The Home Office should most certainly take steps to ensure that *all* people who promote "private lotteries" which contravene the law should be prosecuted. A case here and there is only playing with a serious problem.

Special instructions to this effect should be given to police officers in charge of counties and areas. What can happen in London can happen anywhere.

Or is it always to be nobody's business how much money is raised by objectionable methods?

Let me answer my own questions by demanding the immediate attention of the Government to this urgent scandal.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. W. B. Proudfoot, East Haddon Road, Dundee, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Letters are welcomed on all subjects requiring comment or inquiry. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The Enlargement Racket Again

HOUSEWIVES beware, photo-with-enlargement racketeers are busy again!

"Two weeks ago an elderly man called at my house," writes a Lancashire reader.

"He held a writing-pad and pencil in his hand, and asked me if I was the tenant here. Then he convincingly told me that his firm was opening a branch locally, and that he was enlarging photographs, for which there was no charge, as an advertisement.

"He finished up by saying that if I desired a frame for the photograph I could have a beautiful one for a guinea, which would help him, too, as he got commission on it.

"He took two photos, and a few days later returned with the proofs, but said we could not have them unless we paid cash for a frame for each. At first he said the charge would be six guineas, but later reduced the price to four guineas, which I paid.

"Now I have got the frames, and they are not worth five shillings each."

This reader is only one of many who have been caught by enlargement "specialists."

Though she has got *something* for her money, many people who are visited by such touts have handed over photographs of husbands, sons or daughters in the Services and paid fees in advance for enlargements which never come along at all.

It is far safer, when such things are really required, to go to an established local photographer

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY . . . By WILL SCOTT

THE DREAM OF A DREAMER

IF *you* had had the dream you might have thought it just an ordinary sort of dream. Not knowing the place, not knowing the people. In particular, not knowing Loopy.

It was, of course, crazy, as most dreams are. It was beautifully mixed up. The Prince rowed up the river on a fire-engine, and although you could tell very well that he was the Prince, he was, all the time, really, Mr. Jones from the General Stores.

But nobody admitted it. Everybody raised their hats to him and called him Prince—except Loopy, who, for the first time in his life, was very off-hand with a Higher Up.

Not that Loopy called the Prince Mr. Jones. But he didn't call him Prince. He merely took no notice of him. He just went on sitting on the night watchman's bucket of live coals, whittling a piece of stick with a penknife.

And although it was the middle of the night the band was playing on the grass at the Flower Show in bright sunshine. This was because it was midsummer day. So that everybody simply ignored the snowstorm which was raging.

They went on dancing round the Nelson Column, which was in the middle of the village green.

Then suddenly the Prince wanted to know who had set fire to the castle, which was blazing away on top of the hill, and Loopy, who was always blamed for everything, got up off his bucket of live coals and waited for trouble.

But instead of handing out trouble the Prince made a speech and said that whoever had set fire to the castle had, by so doing, brought the old title deeds to light, and had saved the Prince a million pounds.

And if only the man would own up the Prince would make him a Duke on the spot and let him marry his daughter, the Princess Alice—who, out of dreams, served behind the bacon counter at the General Stores.

And that was where, in the dream, Loopy fainted. Because, even in a dream, nothing like that could happen to Loopy.

Yes, it might have seemed just an ordinary sort of dream to you. Not knowing the place, not knowing the people. In particular, not knowing Loopy.

★ ★ ★

Nothing had ever gone right with Loopy. Not in all his thirty years on earth.

In babyhood he was the one to fall out of his cot. In boyhood he was the one to get the thrashing for stealing the apples—without ever getting the apples. In manhood he always lost his job and his girl and everything else.

If Farmer Brown's horse decided to have a good kick to brighten its day, it would look carefully round the whole population and always end by kicking Loopy.

Loopy had done many a three months for pheasants which somebody else had poached. And toil as he might, nothing ever grew in his garden except weeds.

It was a hell of a life in a hell of a world, and Loopy came to hate it. Nothing real was ever worth while. He could see nothing whatever ahead of him.

But one night Loopy had a dream, and in this dream he rescued a fair maiden from a villain's clutches and was just about to marry her (and her three thousand pounds) when he woke up.

This was something new for Loopy. It was the brightest thing in all his experience. It hadn't quite come off, because he woke up before the best bit, but at any rate it suggested possibilities.

Loopy was so pleased with his dream that he told them all about it up at the Hay Wain. Nobody else in the public bar could get a word in.

The next night he had the same dream all over again, and woke up in the same place. And the night after that he had the same dream for the third time, and once more woke up in the same place.

"Stick it, Loopy," they said in the Hay Wain when he gave them the latest details. "Maybe one night you'll stay asleep long enough to marry the girl and get the three thousand."

But Loopy didn't marry the girl and get the three thousand. Not even in the dream. He never had the dream again. Instead, he had others.

HE had dreams in which he lived for five hundred years in a dungeon. He had dreams in which big men with black beards kept on taking his last fourpence from him over and over again all night long.

He had very frequent dreams in which he was run over, and others in which he was drowned.

The most annoying one—and one which he could pretty well guarantee to have every week—was the dream in which he spent hours adding up the solitary figure 2 without ever reaching a total. The dream never provided him with another figure to add to the 2.

But the most frequent dream of all was the one in which he was always hanged for a murder which the hangman had done. A most exasperating dream—but not half so exasperating as the hangman's grin.

And one day the truth dawned on Loopy. His dreams were like his life. There was no escape for him, even in sleep. As things had always gone wrong for him in fact, so they would always go wrong for him in fancy.

He would never be the hero even of a dream. He would always be the mug.

He would always be the victim—the easy mark who was sat on, kicked, blamed for what the other fellow did, blamed for everything.

The mug. Yes, he realised it at last. In dreams and out of dreams, just the mug.

Nothing ever had gone right with him; nothing ever would.

And it preyed on his mind so much that he went properly on the booze. He became the best customer the Hay Wain had ever had.

★ ★ ★

One wet night Loopy shuffled down the street to the pub, his head bent against the driving rain, his thoughts even blacker than the night about him. Pints! Lots of them! That's all he wanted. All there was left to want.

He pushed open the door of the Hay Wain and stood blinking in the bright light from the lamp over the counter.

Gaffer Huggins was talking, the others in the bar round him in a circle, staring amazed.

"So," Gaffer was saying, "somebody chucked water over him and he came round, an' the Prince says 'Was it you?' an' he says 'Yes,' an' the Prince shakes him by the hand an' makes him a Duke on the spot an' he marries the Prince's daughter, an' what's more the Prince give him twenty thousand pounds into the bargain."

Quietly, Loopy closed the bar door behind him, shutting out the weather.

The next night he had the same dream, and woke up in the same place

"*And*," Gaffer concluded, "you ought to 'ave seen Loopy when he was made a Duke. Talk about proud!"

"*Who?*" demanded Loopy.

"Why, hello, Loopy!" said Gaffer. "Didn't see you come in, boy."

"*Who* was made a Duke?" said Loopy.

"Why, you was, boy," said Gaffer.

"Where? What's all this?" said Loopy.

"In this dream what I've been telling 'em about."

"*Dream?*"

"That's right."

"But I haven't had no dream. Not like that."

"No, boy, it was me. Last night, you see, I had pickled walnuts for supper . . ."

Crash! That was the bar door slamming.

Outside again in the rain, Loopy nearly burst into tears.

"Just my luck!" he cried. "Just my luck! The right dream at last—and somebody else has had it!"

And he staggered through the rain to the White Horse and went *properly* on the booze.

HUMAN MACHINE

LONG OR SHORT?

● How long is a day? Twenty-four hours? Certainly, if you measure it solely in terms of a clock. But some people would tell you that it seemed much longer than that.

Other people would tell you that it seemed much shorter. The first are the bored people. The others are those who are so busy that the day never seems long enough.

It all depends on our state of mind. When we are happy time races. When we are absorbed in our work or our play, time flies. When we are sad it lags. When we are bored it goes along at a snail's pace.

So its no use trying to "find" time in which to do something. You can never "find" time.

You can make it by organising your work better, by ordering your life better. That way you can get more done than before.

You can never really be "pressed for time." You have twenty-four hours a day. There isn't any more.

If you're "pressed" for time, you're in a muddle; and the sooner you organise yourself out of the muddle the better!

Finally, time drags and lags and crawls to those who aren't making good use of it. It's a sure test.

There's No Sense In It

THE other day, in the House of Lords, Lord Mottistone demanded a Ministry of Common Sense. He wanted somebody to do what was obviously needful, and undo what was obviously foolish.

Nothing more has been heard of Lord Mottistone's demand.

I would bet a million pounds (if I had it) to your thousand pounds (if you had it) that nothing more will be heard of Lord Mottistone's demand.

The world is made that way. Or at any rate that part of the world that has been made by man has been made that way.

A Ministry of Common Sense is needed more than any other kind of Ministry at the present moment. But it is the one Ministry we shall never have. I know it. You know it. We all know it.

It is not so easy to say why. Perhaps because it sounds silly. Though why sense should sound silly when silliness never sounds sensible I don't know.

Perhaps, though, because it concerns nothing you can see or get hold of or hand about from one to another.

★ ★ ★

You can have a Ministry of Fish. You can have a Ministry of War—which means cannon and searchlights and things you know for a fact have a real existence even if you never see them.

You can have a Ministry of Brass Tacks.

You can have all these Ministries and they can all be enormous flops and you will never turn a hair.

There must be somebody in charge of a war, and obviously he must have some place to sit in and pass his time.

Result of the activities of a Minister for Fish may be that you don't get even a tiddler on your table for months on end.

There's grumbling, naturally. But it is always grumbling at the absence of fish, never at the presence of the Minister for Fish.

★ ★ ★

Since you've got to have fish you've got to have a Minister for Fish. That's the argument. That you may have more Minister than fish seems to strike nobody as comic.

The Minister for Brass Tacks may never get down to his brass tacks but nobody would dream of carrying on without him. You've got to have brass tacks. Well then.

But when you come to common sense you're badly up against it. Everybody agrees that most of the people who run most of the things are born fools, and that the one thing they never use is common sense.

You'll see dozens of examples of the born folly in the papers every day.

"What they're short of," everyone will tell you, "is common sense."

So that, obviously, we need a Ministry of Common Sense right off, to start with.

But mention one and people snigger. It *sounds* so silly." . . .

And since we never get anything we're not prepared to be *pompous* about we shall never get a Ministry of Common Sense.

There's no sense in it, is there?

A. G.

THIS almost-any-day incident of the war will convey graphically, to those who manned trenches last time, how different it all is.

Corpl. E. Corracher, H.L.I., with the M.E.F., writes to friends at Gillingham, Kent:

Our convoy had run into an enemy "hores-shoe" formation and we were pelted with everything they had, which meant that we had a warm time.

. . . being in the front seat of the lorry I had to jump out to avoid machine-gun fire. We remained there, taking advantage of what little "cover" there was, for five hours.

A wounded tank lad who came up told us that his officer was lying out in the "blue" with his leg smashed. So our captain, stretcher-bearers, and myself went out and brought him in. We had a little trouble on the way.

We were on the return journey when we saw an enemy patrol car moving out from behind a derelict tank. They had been "sitting" there watching our movements, and waiting to have a go at us.

Then, for fifteen minutes, Jerry let go at us, incidentally setting fire to some trucks which had been abandoned. But we escaped without a scratch, and brought the wounded officer back safely.

PALESTINE VOGUES

A few "fashion notes" from Palestine, sent by J. L. Wilcox, of the Signals, to his brother at Walford Street, Newport, Mon.:

In Palestine one may live and dress according to the latest ideas and styles, or the most ancient.

Sometimes you see a stalwart Arab striding along, barefoot and clad in brown sacking. Further on you may see a portly gentleman in an orange turban and voluminous pantaloons sitting astride a donkey.

Then you see bearded Jewish patriarchs with their black velvet hats trimmed with fur, and flowing black coats that sweep to the ground.

Many of the Arab women appear in public dressed completely in black, with black chiffon veils to cover their faces.

GUNS—AND WOPS

Another snapshot of the desert fighting from L./Cpl. J. Todd, Royal Artillery, who writes to his wife at James Street, North Ormsby, Middlesbrough:

First you see the 'planes coming out of the distant sky and then our guns open up. It's grand to see our shots going up to the moving targets above.

What a racket there is. Bren guns, Bofors, rifles, and anything that shoots is banged at the Jerry aircraft, until he drops his bombs or is "dropped" himself.

These raids are not so bad, because you do have something to smack at that you can see. It's a lot better than hearing and watching shells come over from a distant gun that you can't see.

P.S.—You should see our prisoners—mainly Italians, and what specimens! They won't fight and they are glad when we round them up.

Honestly, two hundred of them will follow a British soldier without one of them attempting to escape. In fact, their only worry is that they shall not be left behind!

A reader has received this cheery sketch by airgraph from her husband who is in Egypt

EIGHTH WONDER

Blood transfusion is achieving marvels in saving the lives of the wounded, and here's a first-hand tribute from Driver C. V. Waite, R.A.S.C., attached to a General Hospital in the Middle East—in a letter to his uncle at Mexborough, Yorks:

For the past few days our unit has been working at high pressure, and the number of blood transfusions carried out night and day is amazing.

Never have I heard a moan or a groan from the wounded. These chaps are great, and they are chirpy as sparrows.

Seeing blood transfusion at close quarters you get a good idea of its value. I think that it is the Eighth Wonder of the World. At least 90 per cent. of the badly wounded men are saved by this means.

. . . Did I tell you that I have two desert rats, which I captured about three months ago?

They are now so tame that they almost sit up and beg! It wouldn't surprise me if they started talking back at me one of these days!

GOING UP!

A queer story of a stolen lift, which is guaranteed to be true, comes from Pte. A. Marshall, serving at G.H.Q., Middle East, in a letter to his mother at Midland Road, Nuneaton:

Believe it or not, two Egyptians actually pinched a lift from a big block of offices near here.

It happened this way: Dressed as workmen, they went into the building, as bold as brass, and told the "Boab," or caretaker, that they had come to repair the lift.

After a brief inspection, they explained that it was too big a job to be done on the spot. So they disconnected the electric current and methodically took the lift to pieces and carted it away by lorry!

Next day, when the trick was discovered, the caretaker was in tears.

What the thieves will do with the lift now they have it I don't know. Perhaps they will steal a building, brick by brick, and build it up again round the stolen lift!

POUNCED ON 'EM

And some excitement nearer home. From the South Coast, A.C.I. J. Anderson, R.A.F., in a letter to his aunt at Somerset Place, Nelson, Lancs, says:

I saw a Jerry 'plane chased by a Spitfire, and he did not get away.

Later, when riding my bike, I noticed two ships sailing along all calm and peaceful-like. When I looked up I saw another Jerry manœuvring into position to drop his "muck" on them. At that moment a Spitfire appeared out of nowhere, and I've never seen two "kites" move so fast in my life.

The Spitfire pounced on the Jerry and gave him a burst. Then Jerry turned for home in a hurry with our machine after him, with his guns going.

As they went out of sight there was a terrific explosion and the "Spit" came back doing a Victory Roll!

Meanwhile the ships went on their way as if nothing had happened.

SMALL WORLD

Two natives of Kent met at Syracuse, U.S.A., just 3,000 miles from their birthplace. A.C.I. Ronald Crisp, R.A.F., training in Canada, tells the story in a letter to his family at Godwin Road, Bromley, Kent.

On my recent leave I crossed the border and visited the U.S.A. Arriving at Waterton, I found lodgings for the night, and the landlady provided a free breakfast.

Everybody is very friendly, and from Waterton, I was given a lift by the District Fire Chief to Syracuse.

On the way, as we chatted, he remembered that Deputy Sheriff Alfred Stone was a native of Sevenoaks, Kent. So we were introduced.

The sheriff was tickled to death that my home was only twenty miles or so from his birthplace, and in no time it seemed as if we had known each other for years.

These people know all about hospitality.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

As war has deprived us of lemons, which prevent and cure scurvy, why not eat, as salad, the scurvy grass which grows on our sea-shores and mountains?—Miss W. N. Priestley, Halifax.

★ ★ ★

A local newsagent has supplied his four delivery boys with waterproof capes. Other newsagents, please copy!—W. Davis, Canvey Island.

★ ★ ★

Scores of music-halls throughout the country sell thousands of programmes weekly. Compères could announce the "turns," and tons of valuable paper could be saved.—D. Graham, Sutton, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

In these days when speed in road transport is of vital importance, how fatuous to see lorries held up in long lines while toll is paid to pass over a bridge on an important coast road.—J. Turvey, Heath End, Farnham.

★ ★ ★

A searchlight unit arrived near a Dorset village. For two weeks no water was "laid on" the site. The first two local residents who were asked by the men for water refused. They were afraid such generosity would increase their water rate!—A. C., Dorset.

★ ★ ★

Blacklead, which sold at a penny a packet, disappeared from the shops. Now it has reappeared, priced at a shilling a small tin!—A. Race, Sheffield.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ODD ???? ON THE MOON for HUMANIST

HERE'S a question rather different from those I usually receive:

"I have been a reader of JOHN BULL for many years," says another correspondent, "and I am always interested in the problems that people send you. Now I have a problem of my own.

"Can you tell me why it is that my husband—a thoroughly good and decent sort of man as a rule—should be so completely different when there is a full moon?

"I have often heard of people being 'ruled by the moon,' and there must be something in it. The way his temper gives way is dreadful.

"He shouts and swears so badly that I have come to dread the time of full moon. During the rest of the month he never loses his temper at all.

"Can you give me the answer, Humanist?"

We have all heard about the moon's influence over human beings, but I confess I generally dismiss the idea as an ancient superstition.

There are so many superstitions about the moon and most of them derive from the old worship of the moon-goddess.

But before I could accept the idea I should want plenty of evidence. Does the husband always behave wildly at full moon? Does he never do so at any other time? And are there others like him?

One has to keep an open mind until the evidence has been tested and logical conclusions drawn from it. That is the only way to get at the facts.

Recently I was asked if there is any truth in the belief that the seventh child of the seventh child is gifted with second sight.

I doubt whether anyone has taken the trouble to collect sufficient evidence to prove or disprove the theory.

Meanwhile, the saying is handed down, century after century, and the whole subject is left in a fog of rumour.

Superstitions are always interesting, and the topic is peculiarly appropriate round about the last night of October—All Hallowe'en—when the supernatural is supposed to come closer than at any other time in the year.

ONE morning this week I received two letters from men attacking the Church. The first said that the religious services were always harping on the idea of sin and drumming it into our heads that we are all miserable sinners.

The second said that the Church did not denounce sin as fiercely as it did

IT HAS DIGNITY

TRUTH needs no explanation, it stands alone and bare, and when we speak it everyone is conscious that it's there. It has a dignity too deep to call for loud display, it's half-truths which we have to be so careful to array.

TRUTH savours nothing shabby, it hides behind no ruse, it does not need to camouflage with tirades and abuse. It is a living thread of thought on which our words are strung. Truth does not stain the soul, nor with confusion halt the tongue.

TRUTH is a Pact with Decency and it does not use hypocrisy so that it can betray the very thing it promises to get its ugly way.

TRUTH is the law of Living which no man can evade, and those who break it in the end through all their lies must wade. For truth is the Approachment to God this side of death.—J. M.

Since air raids began people are taking more notice of the moon, but not for the reason about which a reader is worried

years ago, and that explained why we are getting slack in our morals.

He believed that the war was sent to punish us for our sinfulness.

The two letters contradicted each other so flatly that I could not help smiling. The net result of the two attacks was exactly nil.

Next day I got another letter—from a woman reader this time:

"Don't you think it would be a good thing if 'sin' were more clearly defined?" *she asked.* **"I cannot help noticing how many people suffer from a sense of guilt.**

"Young people, particularly, feel they are very wicked, but to my way of thinking they often worry without reason.

"It has been said that sin means trying to get more out of life than one puts into it; but I think that is rather too vague.

"The most unforgivable sins, in my judgment, are double-crossing a partner or friend, cruelty to children and dumb animals, robbing the poor, backbiting, meanness, and deliberately doing harm to a fellow creature.

"I wonder what you think of my list of deadly sins? What is your definition of sin?"

I have heard that the original root-meaning of the word is "missing the mark"—like an arrow that does not go straight.

Other definitions are (a) transgression of Divine Law, (b) straying from the path of virtue, (c) acting contrary to the dictates of conscience.

And a famous preacher summed it up by saying that sin was anything which tended to separate the soul from God.

The writer of the letter names six types of sin which she finds it difficult to forgive. It is interesting to compare with the list of the seven deadly sins: Murder, Lust, Gluttony, Pride, Envy, Covetousness, Idleness.

But what is considered sinful and what is not depends to some extent upon time and place.

Many things which were denounced as wicked a century ago—going to the theatre, playing cards, dancing, and so on—are now regarded as harmless.

Then bigamy was not sinful in Old Testament times.

As for that awful feeling of guilt that haunts so many people, it is often due to teaching given in nursery days.

One other point should be remembered—that some of the greatest saints on earth were obsessed with the thought of their exceeding sinfulness, while some of the greatest scamps seemed to have no consciousness of sin whatever!

To return to the first question: Do we worry too much about our sins? Or don't we worry half enough? What do readers say?

★ Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

★ *Women of sixteen nations have joined the W.A.A.F. The other Women's Services are just as cosmopolitan. Real life dramas in which many of these "Women in War" have figured are stirring enough to put adventure tales to shame*

She Stole a 'Plane To Fly For Us

EASILY and gently the giant new bomber touches down and taxies to the tarmac. The pilot steps out—a natty young woman.

She's a Pole, and mighty proud to be wearing British uniform. Proud, too, of having recently become the first woman member of the A.T.A. to fly a bomber as a ferry pilot.

But she is not new to flying. That's how she escaped from the Terror in Poland.

She and another girl just "borrowed" a couple of machines and took off. They flew low to dodge the German fighters that attacked them from overhead.

They got to Rumania, crossed half Europe to France, and eventually reached this country.

Private Maria, too, is a Polish girl. Operatic arias, sung in her clear young soprano, often entertain a famous Guards regiment at a training centre in Eastern England.

Maybe it's surprising that she has the heart to sing.

15 Years in Germany

She spent fifteen of her eighteen years in Germany. Then she went back to Poland to train as a dress designer.

The Terror came. Maria escaped to Britain with three little brothers and a sister. Their parents, it seemed, got as far as Belgium. Since then—silence.

For months Maria was in despair. Now she sings; maybe because she feels herself part of that great company of women which, in uniform here in Britain, is united in a resolve to restore freedom to the world.

Barriers of race and social prejudice have been swept aside by these young women of a dozen nationalities.

At one camp you can meet a Yugoslav sergeant, a Czech who speaks six languages, a Russian, French, and Poles, and the Portuguese wife of an Englishman.

All are helping their menfolk to "see it through."

Then there's Natalie, whose home is in Fulham. Half Belgian, half British, she was studying to become a pianist when her brother joined the R.A.F.

Natalie stopped her studies. Her brother in uniform? Then she would get into uniform.

Sixteen Nations

Now she's studying for a special job in the A.T.S.

There's Linda—she of the flaxen hair and blue eyes, the exotic black brows and eyelashes.

An Estonian, she ranks as an orderly. Which means that she waits on the officers' mess of a Guards' regiment—which just shows you how the Army has progressed with the spirit of the times.

Come to that, the R.A.F. is no man's preserve. Women of sixteen nations are serving with the W.A.A.F.

It's no secret that the Volontaires Françaises—the Fighting French equivalent of our Women's Services—is constantly being increased by recruits who have escaped from Nazi bondage.

Their commander is their heroine. For it was her heroism with the ambulance corps of the French army in 1940 that won Capitaine Helene Terre the coveted Croix de Guerre.

Actually, the Volontaires have made history; it is the first time that women have been attached to French fighting forces in any capacity other than nurses and drivers.

Now they're busy as photographers and telephone operators, cooks and transport drivers, typists and orderlies—even a dentist's assistant.

But they're doing more than assist in the war. They are preparing for the peace, for the time when they will return to their homeland in the wake of a victorious army.

Then, each of these women will be posted to the district in France which she knows best.

They will act as liaison officers between the invading forces and the civil population.

To them will fall the task of handling food supplies, of relieving the suffering borne for so long under the Nazi lash, of reviving the social services disrupted by a callous conqueror.

Once a dressmaker, this pretty Austrian is now a cook in the A.T.S., and is evidently happy to be doing her bit

From every province of France, from every part of the French colonial empire, they have come to work—and prepare.

A secretary from Tahiti works with a chauffeuse from South America; the ages of their comrades range from seventeen to fifty.

So Antoinette isn't the youngest, though some would say she looks it. Actually, she is nineteen.

She hated the Germans who swaggered about the streets of her town in North-West France. And hatred inspired action.

With another girl, she prepared to escape to Britain.

Chance of Escape

With only twelve francs between them, Toinette and her friend trudged through France.

At last came the chance of escape—thanks to a long-planned trip on a fishing-boat to Gibraltar.

That's no unusual story among these brave Frenchwomen—nor among their Norwegian allies.

Down in the Garden of England is Corporal Freda, the only Danish physical training instructor in the Forces.

She was staying here with friends when her country was overrun. And soon she refused to accept further hospitality.

"I hate housework," she'll tell you frankly, "but I took a job as a domestic at Virginia Water. It was too quiet for me."

Naturally, because Freda is tough. Why, as a member of the celebrated Viking Club in Copenhagen, she used to swim in the North Sea in winter.

To Smash Nazis

So Freda took off her servant's apron. Now she's making other people tough—tough enough to help smash the Nazis.

That's equally true of the girls from the Dominions—those from Australia and South Africa—who are doing fine work for our Home Defence.

It's true of the Canadian girls who have just arrived to serve with the Canadian Air Force in Britain.

All are volunteers who have agreed to serve anywhere. And all are friendly.

Section Officer Griffin, who looks after their welfare, finds that they prefer to live in rooms here so that they can learn more about our way of life.

Many of them are married. One, indeed, had been married only a month when she landed in Britain.

There is little chance of her husband following her across the Atlantic. She knew that—but she felt it her duty to join up.

Soon they will be joined in Britain by American girls.

If they cared to express their feelings in words, probably all of these Servicewomen from across the seas would say: "We're here to see the job through, and see it through we will."

They will. What is more, we can rely on them to see that it is a job well done.

LOOK AGAIN

WITH the growing demand for salvage of all kinds many more Salvage Stewards will be needed by local authorities to organise house-to-house collections on the most efficient scale possible.

All waste paper is still a very valuable sinew of war. Not a scrap should be wasted.

Rubber, too, presents a real problem. Unless we can increase the amount of old rubber for reprocessing the position is going to be acute. Remember the enemy at present holds the bulk of the world's natural sources of supply!

And, finally, there is the latest demand for non-ferrous metals of all kinds—copper, brass, bronze, zinc, pewter, lead, aluminium, white metal, solder, nickel, German silver, gun-metal, bell metal, or Britannia metal.

Don't be discouraged if your own individual contribution appears small. Every little helps. If all householders conscientiously turn out everything they can spare they will be playing a big part in helping to win the war.

How to Use Less Fuel Every Washday

NEW *LESS-WATER* WAY TO WASH CLOTHES

EVERY housewife in the country will be delighted to hear of this new wartime method of washing clothes that's been worked out by the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories. It's a less-water method that cuts down your fuel, and in addition saves soapcoupons, time and labour. *And* gets your wash really clean!

It's as simple as can be—do be sure to try it instead of your usual method next washday:

Run into the sink *half* the amount of water you used to use, taking water just as it comes from the hot tap. Then sprinkle in *two-thirds* of the amount of Rinso you would normally use, and whisk up into a lather. You should have just sufficient suds to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

12-MINUTE SOAK

Now sort out your wash into whites and coloureds. Pop the whites into the lather first, and leave them to soak for *12 minutes only*. Then wash through and rinse in the usual way. Put in the coloureds next, to soak for 12 minutes *in the same suds*.

You may, at first, think it's a little strange to do your washing in such a small amount of suds. But you'll find this method *does get the clothes clean*.

DOES WASH IN EVENING AFTER 10-HOUR FACTORY JOB

Mrs. Ayres works daily in an aircraft factory. She also cooks, sews and shops for her family of 5. The washing gets done in the evening. "The new Rinso method is grand!" she says. "Besides, it saves fuel and coupons."

FUEL-SAVER, TIME-SAVER

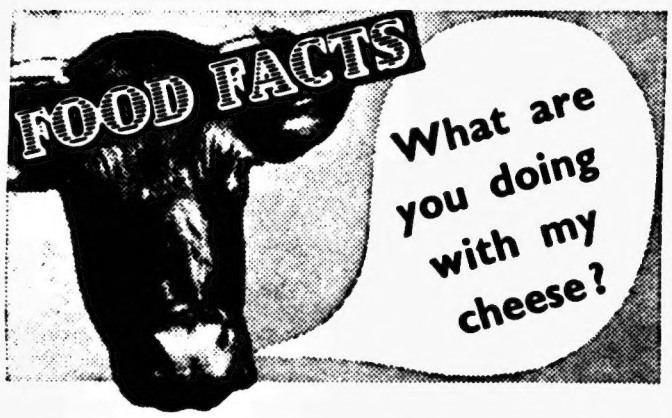
You can imagine how economical in fuel this method is. Just think—no boiling, so you don't have to light the copper. You simply use the hot water from the hot tap, and you don't use much of *that!* It's easy on Rinso, too. You actually save one packet in three.

Doing your wash this way, it's been proved, takes 1½ hours less time for an average sized wash. That's quite a consideration, isn't it? And you have none of that hard rubbing.

Be sure to try this new method for your next week's wash. You'll be delighted with it!

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. size—1 coupon. 7d. size—2 coupons.

R 3161-9-55 *R. S. Hudson Limited*



EVERYONE knows that the present cut in the *general* milk allowance from 3 pints a week to 2½ is due to the simple fact that cows give less milk as winter comes on. Everyone knows how right it is to leave untouched the quantities going to expectant mothers, babies and young people. But does everyone know that there are two splendid things for all of us to make up with? *Cheese* (another form of milk) and *milk in tins*.

When milk was plentiful in the summer a good part of it was made into *CHEESE* and stored. The Ministry of Food also imported extra supplies of cheese for the winter. Cheese is a grand food. Every time you take your 8-oz. ration remember that 5 pints of summer milk have gone into the making of it—milk *stored* in this way for us to use now. There's no better nourishment than cheese, and it saves fuel and trouble.

Then there's *HOUSEHOLD MILK*, which is now coming back into the shops. The first distribution, which is now going on, will provide 1 tin for every ration book—that is another 4-liquid pints. Household milk hasn't got the fats of full milk, but in every other way it is equal in nourishment, and millions of housewives have proved its many uses. And there will be more plentiful supplies of *sweetened condensed milk* on points during November.

Make a note of it—use all your allowance of *Cheese and Household Milk*. Then you'll weather the winter and keep "*Fighting Fit*."

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 121

LAST LAUGH

G. L. (Truro).—"Marshal Pétain and M. Laval recently made speeches praising each other." Well, somebody has to do it.

AUTHOR (London, W.).—"All the best jokes I have written have come to me when I have been sitting quietly in some beautiful country spot." Under a spreading chestnut tree?

D. N. (Tring).—"Which girl has the most sense of humour—a blonde, a brunette or a redhead?" Why not ask one who has been all three?

R. C. (Kilmarnock).—"An owl recently fluttered down our bedroom chimney. Is this a sign of good luck?" Yes, for the painter who gets the job of repapering and painting the room.

MRS. L. (Glasgow).—"Although my husband is a traffic policeman, his handwriting is very fine." "Copper" plate?

MRS. C. (Glasgow).—"When I returned home the other night I found that my husband had knocked two ornaments off the mantelpiece." Had he been practising on his trombone again?

F. G. (Alford).—"There is one thing an old dog dislikes more than any other." Yes, an old cat.

W. T. (Torquay).—"I am waiting—though in vain, I fear—to hear some exile describe her landlady as a darling." You are likely to hear one described as "dear," though.

BESSIE (Barnsley).—"You can't see too much of the man you love, can you?" Not after you've married him.

G. R. (Edinburgh).—"When I asked the American soldier if he liked Beethoven's works, do you know what he said?" He had never visited them?

A. C. (Dumfries).—"What is the first thing one should do in the case of a man blown up by gunpowder?" Wait until he comes down.

N. C. (Glasgow).—"I'm no snob, but I can tell you that at one period of my life I used to go around in a carriage of my own." Did your mother push it?

G. M. (Durham).—"I said something to my wife three weeks ago, and she hasn't spoken to me since." Many married men would be glad to know what you said.

A. G. (Carlisle).—"The doctor told me that I didn't need an operation" We had no idea you were as poor as that!

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, 'ow are yer this mornin', Bill?"
"Don't know yet; wait till I'm awake and I'll tell yer."

Side-Slips

THE DONCASTER CHRONICLE.—"... and after the concert a tea-party was held on the DAWN."

NORTHERN DAILY MAIL:—Miss ———, English-born actress, who has just left the CATS of Noel Coward's 'Blythe Spirit.'..."

NORTHERN DAILY MAIL:—"His quota to the egg POOL last year was 85,000, exclusive of duck eggs."

DAILY SKETCH:—"Mr. Wendell Willkie, President Roosevelt's CONVOY..."

THE PETERBOROUGH CITIZEN:—"... who fell from a ladder while pulling YEARS in his orchard..."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"An UNOBSERVED light during blackout at the ——— school on ——— led to the... corporation being fined..."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Lance-Corporal Cecil Walker was killed in action in May, 1940, since when his widow is making a brave struggle to maintain her three children of seven, five, and three years. From her widow's pension of £2 7s. rent alone takes 11s., and 2s. weekly is paid for life assurance.

One little girl is deaf and dumb, weak and extremely debilitated through lack of nourishing food. Her mother cannot go out to work because the afflicted child needs special care.

At the moment Mrs. Walker's most pressing problem is how to buy shoes and warm winter clothing for her little family.

The clergyman of the parish recommends this case as particularly deserving assistance.

Will you do your best to help her? Donations earmarked "Dumb," or for our General Fund, should be posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

FIRST PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,346

F. T. Jones, 8, Broad Street, Ludlow, Salop, for this "Bullet":—

CORPORAL CLARA
MANNING GUN—UNMANNING GUNNERS!

£20: Mrs. E. L. Starr, Moorfield, Kennard Rd., New Milton, Hants.
To Defend Freedom—Stand Fast—Move Faster!

£10: N. Batson, 70, Hillside Rd., Tottenham, N.15.
Danger Ahead—Lad Earning, Without Learning.

£5: R. Berger, 23, Bonsham Manor Rd., Thornton Heath, Surrey.
To Keep Warm—Isn't Reason Hitler's "Stamping"!

£4: R. Ballantyne, 200, Bernard St., Glasgow.
This Time—Reach Berlin—Teach Berlin!

£3: E. Hawkes, 41, Lyons Green Rd., Birmingham.
Old Bill's Son—Disgraced The Family—Breached!

£2: S. E. Wells, 42, Shirlock Rd., Hampstead, N.W.3.
World At War—With Reason, With Maniac.

Page 15 includes **XMAS SURPRISES!**

20s.: A. E. Stamper, 29, Maxfield Rd., Liverpool.
Not To Be Tolerated—Selfish Spending—"Spend" Self!

20s.: J. B. Ferguson, c/o 14, Valeview Ter., Glasgow.
Heard In The Train—Names Of *Secret* "Stations."

20s.: L. Carey, 1, Knowles Pl., Litherland, Liverpool.
Corporal Clara—"Into The *Guardroom*, Maud!"

20s.: E. Ashforth, 71, Station Lane, Oughtibridge, Nr. Sheffield.
World At War—With You? "Overcome" That!

20s.: C. Day, 91, Rowheath Rd., Kings Norton, Birmingham.
Heard In The Train—"You're Biting *My* Sandwich!"

A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 30 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

3 BIG CHEQUES
WON IN XWORD 298

WINNING WORDS: 1. Cursed. 2. Footing. 3. Crat. 4. Ion. 5. Dating. 6. Rust. 7. Liven. 8. Moose. 9. Wing. 10. Dander. 11. Spy. 12. Rigs or Wigs. 13. Reports. 14. Biting.

£100 (SEARCH): S. John, Coniston, Linden Gdns., Belle Vue, Shrewsbury; Mrs. G. Nunn, 20, Dennis Rd., Gravesend; C. Nyberg, 31, The Grange, Shilbottle, Alnwick.

Awards value £25 shared between 26 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

HE'S A CARELESS LISTENER!

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES

You can't possibly appreciate your radio if you're reading a book. We have all been asked by the Government to save electricity, so if you are not really *listening* to a programme . . . SWITCH OFF!

Valves, too, are scarce, and even the best wear out ultimately. You may then find it very difficult to replace them. So don't be a careless listener . . . give your valves a rest when you can.

There are many thousands of fortunate owners of Mullard Sets and Valves who have proved the lasting value of their choice; they have enjoyed countless hours of trouble-free, true-tone listening. That is why, when Victory is won and supplies are once more available, they will still choose . . . MULLARD.

MULLARD
RADIO VALVES AND SETS

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2 (39)

Backache

Rheumatic Twinges

Urinary Disorders

often occur when the kidneys are sluggish

PAINS IN THE BACK, rheumatic twinges, stiff swollen muscles and joints, lumbago, urinary and bladder disorders, disturbed rest, gravel and a tired, nervy condition can all arise when the blood contains an excess of uric acid and other impurities.

You need Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney medicine has been used successfully for over forty years. It stimulates sluggish kidneys and helps to flush out the millions of tiny filtering tubes.

Healthy kidney action will soon restore ease and comfort by ridding the system of the irritating impurities which have been causing the pain.

1/5, 3/5 (inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

£125 for 1 WEEK X-WORD

PRIZES VALUE £100 1st PRIZE RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 298, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and post coupon to address at foot.

TRY Joh ... TE XWORD No. 302

CLUES Ans... Entry-fee for 1 Col. 3d 3d 3d

1 THIS OF EX COMPTE
2 THE POOL MAKER
3 IS USEFUL
4 CAN LEAD T
5 WHEN A MAN'S TO HAVE
6 DESIRES DRIVE.. BEET ON ROAD
7 ADVANCING, ATTACKING, TE.. DO THIS ON ERNEST'S SUPPLI..
8 COMMONLY ACTS AS CUSHION
9 SHOULD PROVE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN
10 IT'S COMMON FOR CORRECTION TO HAVE TO BE MADE TO THIS
11 THERE'S SPECIAL KIND OF THIS MANU-FACTURED FOR COMMON SALT
12 CAN STAND PRETTY HARD HAMMERING
13 IF FARMER, MINISTRY, PRESS, ALL DESIRE FOOD CROPS, IT MAY BE PROFIT OF
14 IT WILL TELL AGAINST ACCUSED PERSON IF HE SHOULD DO THIS

F I G H T
O N E R
O O T
E
G R B
P L L
C L L A R
H I N
F R M E R
G A B L E

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Nov. 28.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK
No. ..... MONDAY, NOV. 16
Signed .....
Address .....
302.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

XMAS XTRA

EXTRA PRIZE ARRIVING XMAS DAY FOR ALL CASH WINNERS IN THIS WEEK'S BULLETS & XWORDS

RULES 1.—First Prize in **Bullets** will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. **Xwords** First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one **Xword** Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete **Xword** in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in **Bullets** and **Xwords** shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two **Bullets** or 6d. per two **Xword** columns used. Two **Xword** columns FREE with each six paid. Two **Bullets** FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated December 5, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for BULLETS

PRIZES VALUE OVER

FIRST PRIZE £50 FOR 23 or 4 WORDS

OTHER AWARDS £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Nov. 27.

SHIP OF VICTORY
ON THE OFFENSIVE
HEALTHY NATION
WE WAIT AND WAIT, BUT
MALTA
WE'RE ALL IN THE WAR, BUT
THE LUFTWAFFE
A MASTER-STROKE
LISTENING TO HER
JOLT FOR THE AXIS
SCENE OF DEVASTATION

BULLETS 1,346 RESULT appears on page 14

CAUGHT NAPPING
FIRST THINGS FIRST, SO
TO THE END
MORE AT HOME
GRANDPA'S BIT
EXPLAINS WHY
ANOTHER MAN
ONE THING MISSING
THANKS TO THE LADIES

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

KEEPS US .....
TO SHORTEN THE.....
SOMEWHERE IN.....
THE RIGHT .....
BACK TO.....
CHEATING THE .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated November 28.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday, Nov. 16. 1,350

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,350—or Xword No. 302, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

GASTRIC CATARRH

QUICKLY RELIEVED BY **MOORLANDS**

"I lost my job owing to Gastric Catarrh. I tried all known remedies without success. My wife was distracted. I had to refuse food. Thank goodness I tried Moorlands, I am now able to eat, drink and smoke as much as I wish without fear of pains."

(Signed) F. M., *East Molesey*

★ *Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh, and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/3d. including tax.*

Iron for Attack

That length of piping standing idle in the shed, that flat-iron nobody uses, will soon be *attacking the enemy* if you send it *now* to be made into armaments. Every ounce of iron-strength, *every scrap of iron you can salvage*, is needed to aid the United Nations turn Defence into Attack, and Attack into overwhelming Victory.

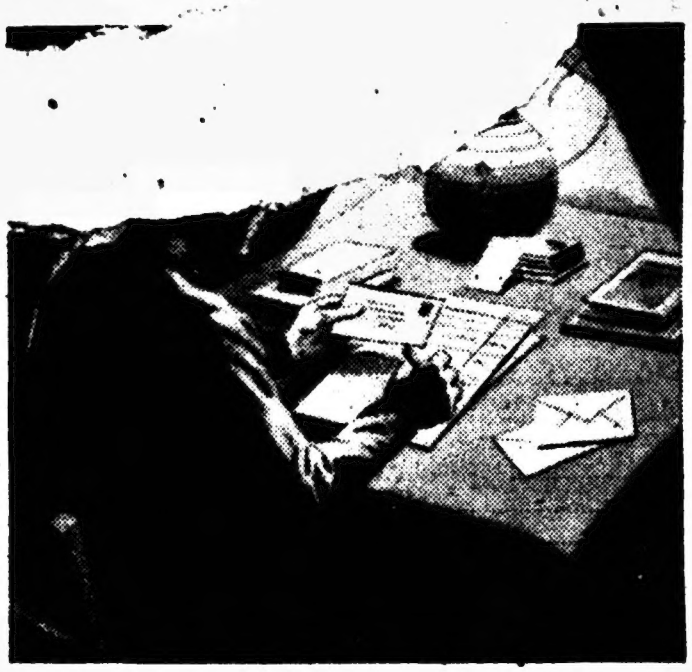
Issued by the Iron Jellbid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining Iron 'Jelloids' which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE WILL STOP THAT COUGH

SOLD EVERYWHERE

1/4 & 3/3 per bottle (Inc. Pur. Tax)

WAR OFFICE AT



NOT all the affairs of State are settled in Whitehall. There's a very busy woman at No. 16 with a War Office of her own. She runs a group—a Savings Group. She wants you to live like a warrior—to live tightly, to scrape and save every shilling you possibly can. Put that money into National Savings Certificates, either through her Savings Group or through the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks. Savings Certificates cost 15/- each and they can also be bought by instalments with 6d., 2/6 and 5/- Savings Stamps.

BUY SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Issued by the National Savings Committee.

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take Fennings
LITTLE HEALERS
(Formerly known as "Lung Healers")
at the first sign of an attack of
INFLUENZA
BRONCHITIS
OR COLDS
and Brighten your outlook
FROM ALL CHEMISTS
6d pkts. 1/3 & 3/- glass tubes
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Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.o.W.
for free copy of "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"

BEST
cooks say
BORWICK'S
BAKING
POWDER
—The Best in the World

Middlesex
76-year-old thanks
Fynnon Salt

Mr. A. W., a seventy-six-year-old Middlesex man, waited for two months before writing to say thanks to Fynnon Salt. He wanted to be sure his rheumatic pains were really gone! He says: "*My daughter persuaded me to try Fynnon Salt. I did so and began to feel much better. So I persevered. Now, after taking Fynnon Salt, I have been free from pain of any sort resulting from my old trouble. I have waited for any signs of it for over two months now. I am very grateful.*"

Fynnon Salt contains the natural salts of Sodium, Potassium, and Lithium. That's why it can wash away rheumatic acids and effect such grand recoveries. Large tin of Fynnon Salt 1/6 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.* As a war-time economy Fynnon Salt is now packed in a round tin.

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex

Do your teeth pass the "TONGUE TEST"?

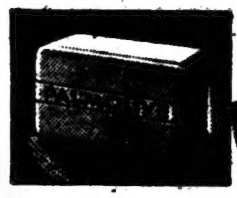
Do you feel a filmy coating when you run the tip of your tongue over your teeth? If you do, you need Irium—the new super-cleanser used in Pepsodent. The Irium in Pepsodent flushes film away and keeps it away by polishing teeth so shiny-smooth that film slides off. Change to Pepsodent today and see the brilliant change that comes over your teeth when dingy, stain-collecting film disappears for good.

7½d. 1/3 2/2 Inc. Tax
Take old tubes back to the shop.

PEPSODENT

Calling all W.A.A.F's. . . . "keep that Schoolgirl Complexion"

Match a crystal-clear voice with a perfect complexion! Keep your skin flawless by using Palmolive every time you wash, every time you bath. Its rich, velvety, olive-oil lather soothes as it cleanses and beautifies. The constant use of Palmolive will ensure that now, and when Peace comes, you are "schoolgirl complexion" all over.



PALMOLIVE

3½d. *Including Tax*

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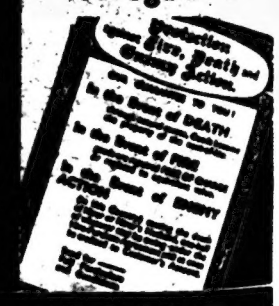
3 YEARS TO PAY

-plus
the Benefits of this Safeguard



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■ Send 1d. stamp for Special Catalogue of Exclusive Designs.
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NAME
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Post in 1d. stamped unsealed envelope. J.B. 7.11.42

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